

ZION'S HERALD

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WALKING IN THE LIGHT OF GOD.

What is the character and what are the attributes of this mighty First Cause of all creation? God is so pure, so simple, so lovely, so immaterial that the clearest light is the emblem of his nature. "God is light and in Him is no darkness at all." "Light is the purest, most subtle, most useful and most diffusive of all God's creatures," and is the most appropriate sign of himself. God is to the human soul what light is to the world. How terrible and deadly this world would be without light. What is religion without an indwelling God, without Christ in you, the hope of glory? It is but an empty science, a dead letter, and the soul but a trackless wilderness. But God is light and His sacred rays illuminate the dark avenues of our nature. Light is the emblem of purity, and God is infinitely pure, without any possible stain of moral pollution; so pure that His jealousy and justice burn against sin.

Mark the conclusion that naturally follows: "If we say that we have fellowship with Him, and walk in darkness, we lie and do not the truth." To have *koinonia*, communion, or fellowship, with God, implies a partaking of the divine nature; such a reception of the divine light as cannot possibly exist in one that walks in darkness; for to walk in darkness is to live in sin. Now how can we have fellowship with Him who is all light, and walk in darkness? who is all holiness, and live in sin? It cannot be, in the very nature of things. Hence those who say they have fellowship with Him, and walk in darkness, "lie, and do not the truth." They belie God and themselves; their conduct is a perversion of their profession. This Word of God cuts off at a stroke all professors of religion who live in sin.

But there is another conclusion that naturally follows. "If we walk in the light as He is in the light," i. e. *constantly* and *fully*, it follows that we have fellowship, one with another—with all true fellow Christians. We all receiving the same holy light, blend in communion with one another as the rays of the natural sun, and so we become the light of the moral world. Then we all and each have fellowship with God. We become deeply experienced in the divine things, and so converse with God and God with us. "God and the holy soul are in constant correspondence." Thomas Walsh, John Fletcher and Edward Payson were examples of this.

The last glorious result of this fellowship is, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His son, cleanseth us from all

sin." Here is a happy allusion to the meritorious cause of our fellowship—the precious blood of Christ; it *cleanseth*—continues to cleanse—us from *all* sin, so long as we keep up that blessed fellowship with God; it purges every stain; removes every blot. Reader, hast thou ever enjoyed this communion with God? Didst thou ever walk in the light and feel the virtue of this precious blood? Hasten to seek its sacred, saving influences. Hasten to live in its unchanging fullness. Let every Christian escape by perfect consecration, faith and love from all darkened conditions, and dwell forever in the light of the countenance of God. Make this a year of holy living, so that if it shall be His will before its close, as it may be, to conclude your earthly period, it may also be a year of holy dying, a sunset calm and glowing, that shall be a perpetual benediction to those with whom you have your walk and conversation; a perpetual illumination and encouragement to them, following hard after you in your ascending pathway.

THE ELECTION SERMON. — The last Legislature left to its follower many blessings, though most of them were blessings in disguise,—disguised through liquor. Its chief was the election of Rev. B. F. Clarke, the faithful advocate of license, to preach the next Election Sermon. It was a grim joke. They seemed to be aware of their death and they left this torment to their murderers. Nothing could be more exquisite. This joke came off at the Old South last week (Wednesday). A Prohibition Legislature assembled to hear Mr. Clarke preach against Prohibition. The gentleman took for his text, "The law is good if a man use it lawfully," and proceeded in a very tedious way to show that law was not an instrument of reform; its business was to protect; truth must reform;—all of which he illustrated by Christ's course and his enemies', by Constantine's and previous Christianizations,—all of which meant, You must not prohibit a great vice and crime, because some folks like to indulge in the same, and law is out of its sphere if it seeks to "reform" these evilly disposed gentlemen by cutting off, without their consent, the means of gratifying their desires. If the Legislature should heed this wise adviser, it would refuse to prohibit gambling, a great passion, which is not yet reformed out of the world by all the preaching of the truth against it. It should, also, refuse to prohibit adultery, rape, licentious houses, theft, forgery, murder, for all of which there is yet an unfortunate proclivity. The Prohibitory Legislature should revenge itself on its predecessor by compelling them by special law to read this solemn farce of a Christian sermon. The P. L. L. lodges should be revived and required to hear their chaplain. How their ghosts would squeak and gibber at such a punishment. A law requiring this, not being "prohibitory," would be agreeable to its victims, and not being reformatory, would be agreeable to Rev. Mr. Clarke. It might also be considered protective, as it would protect the sermon from being otherwise doomed to instant and complete oblivion.

THE ORGANIZATION of the Massachusetts Legislature was effected on Wednesday of last week by the election of Harvey Jewell as Speaker of the House and Robert C. Pitman as President of the Senate. Mr. Jewell's nomination was contested by Mr. John I. Baker, who was the candidate of many Prohibition-

ists. But enough of the latter adhered to the last year's officer and elected him. In his address he promised that the Prohibitionists should have the majority of the Committee on Temperance—a great change from his declaration last year in favor of license. It shows how great is the conversion of the State when a Boston legislator, a friend and advocate of license, can thus concede the claims of this coming power. Much as the failure to elect Mr. Baker may be regretted, it is evident that the cause has suffered no defeat. Hon. R. C. Pitman, the President of the Senate, is of another stuff than Speaker Jewell—the most avowed, earnest Prohibitionist in the Legislature for several years, he has won his way to this high seat by his probity and courage no less than by his marked ability. He is an old soldier in this reform. He is a son of Benjamin Pitman, esq., of New Bedford, one of our best and oldest members, and a graduate of the Wesleyan University of the class of 1845. When there he was strictly total abstinent and a warm advocate of the Temperance and Anti-slavery reforms. He was also then a polished and popular speaker. He is one of the easiest of talkers. His address, on taking the chair, was very handsome. Thus he refers to the chief cause of his election:—

"It is to me a special gratification to believe that I have been designated as your presiding officer upon broader than personal grounds.

"We have upon our statute book, as the work of our immediate predecessors, a law characterized by our Chief Magistrate, in words which history will make memorable, as one 'destructive to the influence of the family and the fireside, adverse to good morals and repugnant to the religious sentiment of the community.' To 'the judgment and conscience of all the people of Massachusetts' appeal was made; and of that judgment and that conscience we are the constitutional representatives and are to pronounce the verdict. It is neither necessary nor in accordance with the usages of this occasion that I should here give expression to my own views; but I desire merely to put upon record that I accept my election as no personal triumph, but as an indication made emphatic by circumstances, of the principles and purposes in this matter of the majority of this body."

Crete is not dead, as we lately said. Its fires are yet blazing. The natives hold all the island except such fortified posts as the Turks have on the coast, from one to the other of which they cannot march, except in large force, without being assaulted and cut to pieces. The Turkish conflict with Greece is being talked over at Paris, but it will come to naught. The only settlement of that controversy is the expulsion of the Turk from Europe. Eleven millions of Greeks inhabit all of Turkey in Europe and only six millions of Turks. These six have ruled the eleven, as our Southern six millions ruled our Northern twenty, by virtue of the dissensions of the majority. That difference is near its end, and so is the Turkish government at Constantinople. Bulgaria and Romania, also, are ready to leap into rebellion, and the miserable polygamic Mussulman, who learns nothing and forgets nothing, must give way to a federative republic of southeastern Europe;—for a republic is the only government that can there be maintained. England and Napoleon cannot long uphold a throne. Greece, the first of European republics, will again take her place at the head, and Christian Athens—

"Trick his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flame in the forehead of the morning sky."

Original and Selected Papers.

COME AND SEE.

The glow of prosperity bright
May shine o'er the pathway of earth,
And Hope, with her silvery light,
May scatter the doubts giving birth
To human discouragements sore:
The future may shine bright for thee,
The wind may blow light off the shore,
Inviting thy bark out to sea.

Even then, in the happiness sweet,
Which clusters around thy glad heart,
The joy of thy life's not complete,
Shouldst thou hasten from the pathway depart,
Which Christ for His children marks out, —
A pathway from sin ever free.
If still there remaineth a doubt
Of this, in thy heart, "come and see."

Dark clouds of affliction may lower
Full soon o'er the sky of thy life;
The wind of adversity's power
May lash the wild billows to strife,
And cruelly toss thee about;
Then Christ a safe pilot can be.
Concerning this truth there's no doubt,
If question thou hast, "come and see."

The fairest of prospects may fail,
And riches on wings fly away;
The bloom on thy cheek may turn pale;
The arm thou hast counted thy stay
May fall while in manhood so brave;
But Jesus can place under thee
The arms of His love, which will save:
Believest thou not? "come and see."

The valley so dark thou wilt tread,
And walk in the shadow of death;
The billows will rise o'er thy head:
Friends, watching thy lingering breath,
Will mark when the light goeth out,
And thou from earth's prison art free;
Then Christ thou wilt need: dost thou doubt,
And lingering wait? "come and see."

No longer on husks thin as air,
Your hungering souls scantily feed;
Enough still remaineth to spare:
At home, — where no servant hath need
To want for the bounties of life, —
Thy Father is waiting for thee.
O! still the dark raging of strife
And doubt in thy heart; "come and see."

BELUS.

THE OLD CHURCH DOOR.

BY MISS ANNA WARNER.

CHAP. II.

"My story," began Mrs. Kensett, "is about the great King over all the earth."

"I say!" broke in Sam Dodd, "guess that's a mistake. One king don't have it all."

"There's lots o' kings," said Peter Limp.

A little hollow cough sounded so near Mrs. Kensett, that she started and looked round, but there was nothing to be seen, except the boys, and she went on.

"Yes, there are many kings. I suppose you can all tell me what a king is?"

"He's an awful rich man, that wears a gold crown," said Jimmy Lucas.

"And has horses and servants and things, don't he?" said Peter Limp, "and don't never do nothin' he ain't a mind to, and eats goodies just all the time."

"And makes other folks stand round," said Sam Dodd; "and cuts their heads off if they don't mind."

"And he sits way up on a throne too," said little Jimmy Lucas, "a great high place, all over diamonds."

"True," said Mrs. Kensett; "there are kings who do almost all these things. But why do they wear a crown, and sit on a throne?"

"Why, to show how grand they are," said Sam Dodd; "and to let folks see they'd better look out."

"Then a king rules over people?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Over everybody? — or only a part of the world?"

"Can't be everybody," said Sam Dodd, musing, "cause there's none o' 'em here. And besides, if there was a lot o' kings tryin' to rule over everybody, some on 'em would get to fightin'."

"Yes," said the lady; "and so each king that is in the world has a certain place or part of it, called his kingdom, where he rules; and all the people that dwell there are called his subjects. These are the kingdoms of this world."

Again the cough sounded, and Mrs. Kensett looked round.

"Who is that coughing?" she said.

"Nothing but Molly," said Peter Limp.

"And who is Molly?"

"Molly? — that's one of our girls to home, Molly Limp,

— you can tell her noise 'most anywhere. She's hidin' round here some place, for the story."

"But why don't she come and sit on the steps with the rest?" said Mrs. Kensett.

"Guess likely she's afraid," said Peter. "She does be as skeary as a woodchuck, mostly. I'll start her home!"

"No, no!" said Mrs. Kensett, "don't send her home. Bring her here."

"Well," said Peter, "I can do that too, if that'll suit."

And forthwith he darted round the corner of the church, and having captured the small sun-bonnet that was hiding there, brought it back — all limp and frightened — to the steps at Mrs. Kensett's feet.

"Here she is!" he said, "about as poor a sample of a girl as they often get down to the museum. Now, you Molly! you just take your finger out o' your mouth, and look at the lady. And as you ain't got to look at nothin' else, you won't care about that 'ere old sun-bonnet, I don't think. Here goes!"

And away sped the bonnet up into the tangled branches of an old oak-tree that threw its flickering shadow across the steps.

Poor little Molly, thus robbed of all her defenses, sat frightened, trembling, and ready to cry, looking at anything but the lady. A wan, elfish child, with long, matted hair encumbering her face, and dark, shining eyes that gleamed out as from a thicket. Her frock was soiled, and fringed with tatters, her little hands and feet were covered with grimy dust. Mrs. Kensett watched her silently at first then laid her own soft white hand upon the little begrimed ones that lay trembling in Molly's lap. The child started, glanced up at the lady — glanced again, — and then, with a bit of a stray smile breaking over her face, Molly clasped her fingers tight round the stranger's hand, and prepared to listen; her attention only disturbed, now and then, by that racking cough.

"The kingdoms of this world," said Mrs. Kensett, "have each their king. But high over all these reigns One alone, — far greater in power, far grander in glory: 'the King of the whole earth shall He be called.' He rules by His power forever, even over the greatest of other kings; He puts one on the throne, and pulls down another. He makes one poor and another rich; He kills and He makes alive."

"Must be awful strong," said Peter Limp.

"Yes, He is mightier than all the people in all the world. Now other rulers often ill-treat their subjects, but this great King loves every one of His. He wants them to be good. He wants them to be happy. He wants to give them great riches and to put on them a most glorious dress; and He has sent every one of them an invitation to a great feast that He will give one day in His kingdom."

"I guess I wish He ruled over me," said little Jimmy Lucas. "He wouldn't have to ask twice, I can tell Him."

"I s'pose they're all goin'?" said Peter Limp.

"You may bet that," said Sam Dodd: "folks ain't such fools."

"Some of them are goin'," said Mrs. Kensett; "and some have refused, and some have not got their invitation. I think you have never got yours, you children, — for the King has asked every one of you to His feast, too."

"Well, I should say that was a story as is commonly called by a shorter name," said Sam Dodd.

"I don't wonder you think so, at first," said Mrs. Kensett, "but it is quite true. I came here to-day to tell you about it."

"Be civil, Sam, can't ye?" said Peter Limp. "None o' your sarce, now. I wants to hear what she'll say."

"Say on," answered Sam, tossing his ball up and down. "It'll be a curious one, anyhow."

"O, it's a book story!" cried Jimmy Lucas, as Mrs. Kensett took a small volume from her pocket.

"Yes, it is a book story; but every word of this book is perfectly true. So now listen. 'The kingdom of heaven is like unto a certain king, which made a marriage for his son.' Every king on earth, as I told you, has a certain place or part of the world where he rules: he is lord over all the people that dwell there. But our story tells of another kingdom, — what is that?"

"The kingdom of heaven," said little Molly, speaking up for the first time.

"You hush," said Peter Limp. "Who wants you to be talkin'?" young one. Shut up and behave."

"I want her to talk," said Mrs. Kensett, with a kind look at little Molly, "I want you all to ask questions and answer mine; and Molly has answered right. The kingdom of heaven, — who rules over that?"

"I don't know — nor don't care," said Sam Dodd, tossing his ball. "Kings ain't much count, anyhow."

"The kings who reign over a country or a single city," said Mrs. Kensett, "need not be much thought of by the people who live elsewhere; they have little to do with each other. But the kingdom of heaven belongs to a Sovereign who rules over the whole earth too, the glorious Ope I told you of just now. He is King of kings, and Lord of lords. What is His name? do you know?"

"Well, I don't," said Sam Dodd. "Guess all this here's a big part o' the story, ain't it?"

"It is a true part," said the lady, gently. "But do none

of you know even the name of the great King of heaven and earth?"

"Guess not," said Jimmy Lucas, shaking his head, "you see there ain't much as we does know."

"I am afraid you hear His name so often that you forget what it means," said Mrs. Kensett. "I am afraid you speak it carelessly a great many times every day. Think."

"Do you mean God, ma'am?" said little Molly, in her husky voice.

"Yes, I mean God," said Mrs. Kensett, "God who made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is," — that great King who dwells in a brightness of glory that is "as the sun shining in his strength."

"Never heard Him called a King afore," said Sam Dodd carelessly. "Heard His name often enough — you're about right there."

"Well, whenever you hear it again," said Mrs. Kensett, "remember that He is far, far greater than all other kings. He has full power over every king and every subject — over every man, woman, and child — in the whole world. He made them all, — you, and me, and all the rest; and He could take away our lives in a moment, if He chose. He made the world, and can destroy it again. Take care how you ever speak His name lightly, for He is 'a great Lord, a mighty and a terrible.'"

"Then don't He like to have 'em speak His name so?" said little Molly.

"No, my child, it displeases Him very much."

"They do it all the time down to father's," said the little girl, thoughtfully.

"Taint none o' your business if they do," said Sam Dodd, sharply. "If there was such ugly little pitchers round our house, I'd cut their ears off, straight!"

"I can hardly begin to tell you how great God is," said Mrs. Kensett, clasping little Molly's fingers closer in her own. "Other kings reign for a few years, and then die, but the Lord is 'King for ever and ever.' He is the King of glory, and His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom."

"What sort of a throne does He have?" asked Jimmy Lucas.

"The Bible says that it is 'a glorious high throne,' — 'high and lifted up:' it tells of 'a rainbow round the throne,' of a light that would blind our eyes to look upon. For 'the Lord has prepared His throne in the heavens, and His kingdom ruleth over all:' He is crowned with glory and honor."

"That sounds mighty fine," said Peter Limp, "Never heard a word on it before."

"Is it all very true, ma'am?" said little Mary, timidly.

"You ain't got much to do with it, if it is," said Sam Dodd; "kings don't bother their heads along o' such concerns as you."

The child broke into one of her heavy coughs, then turned her eyes towards her friend and waited for an answer. Mrs. Kensett folded the thin hands in hers, clasping them softly. "It is true, every word of it," she repeated. "But what you say, Sam, is a complete mistake. The kings of this world do not always think much about their subjects, but the great King of heaven and earth never forgets for a moment, even the least and poorest of His. He sees everything you do, He hears everything you say; He knows everything you think."

"I say, I don't like that," said Peter Limp, doubtfully; "I guess I ain't agoin' to believe it, nother."

"It is so, whether you like it or not," said Mrs. Kensett, "because He is God. The Bible says that His eyes are in every place, beholding the evil and the good. Even the darkness hideth not from Him."

"I should like it if He'd take care of me in the dark," said Molly.

"But I guess He don't see down in our woods, does He?" said Jimmy Lucas. "The bushes is real thick."

"That makes no difference with God," said Mrs. Kensett.

"He can see through the bushes as easily as you can through a window, and you cannot whisper so low that He will not hear. 'Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? saith the Lord.' Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord.' This is what I want you to remember, that God is everywhere. Think of this, Molly, when you are in the dark, and ask God to take care of you. Think of it, boys, when you are hid away in the bushes, and ask Him to keep you from displeasing Him in any way. For when God sees people do wrong, it offends Him very much. Now let us kneel down here together, and ask Him to bless us and help us, that we may never offend Him any more."

In wondering curiosity the little outcasts looked on, as the strange lady knelt there in the old porch, and spoke such wonderful words. Words of entreaty that God would bless these children; that He would make them all His own; that He would make their little dark hearts all clean and new in the blood of the Lord Jesus, — not one of the children had ever heard anything like it before. Even Sam Dodd stood silent and still by her side, when she rose up. The night was falling fast now.

"I must go," said Mrs. Kensett. "I have a long walk home. When shall we go on with our Bible story about the great King?"

"We does play ball here, most nights," suggested Jimmy Lucas.

"Do you? then I will try and come 'most nights' too. Good-by!"

And down the winding path the little lady went in the gathering twilight, while all the children scampered back to Vinegar Hill.

LUCY LARCOM'S POEMS.¹

The reaction from unevangelical literature has begun at the fountain head of skepticism. Boston, according to Dr. Ewer, is the most infidel of places, but it presents its bane with its antidote. Writers who put faith into culture are springing up, and the period of unfaith seems drawing to a close. Among this class Lucy Larcom holds no unworthy seat. She is of the people in her growth, and for the people in her fruit. Her pen has long served the cause of truth. In bringing her stores into this garner she has done that cause especial service. She sprang to fame in a single poem, which she has never surpassed. Like all *chef d'œuvres* it was achieved and conceived at the same moment. It draws its especial flavor from the atmosphere in which it was born. Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair," the most motherly of his Mothers, was sketched in charcoal on a barrel head. Hence its shape, which is called very artistic. The fish woman and her babe gave the sitting. Only the coast of Cape Ann, and only that period in the life of its people, could have supplied the "machinery" of the poem. Its soul is of all time. The lone girl, sitting at her window, looking out on the desolate, rainy seas, plying her busy needle through the "uppers" of the ladies' slippers, piles of which lie in the basket beside her, longing for her lover who has gone forth to the Banks in his fishing boat, never to return, is all adapted to that coast of fishermen and shoemakers, or was adapted. For though the fishermen still go forth, and though lone Hannahs still perhaps sit by the windows of Beverly, and Lynn, and Swampscott, looking for the ship and the form that will never return, the peculiar *locale* of the little poem—binding shoes—is well-nigh evanished. Machinery and sewing-machines have replaced the weary fingers, and the lone Hannahs look from over these clattering helpmeets, out upon the empty sea. We have published its cause and counterpart, "Skipper Ben." This is the sadder complement of that sad story; sadder by so much as a long, hopeless life excels in dreariness a sharp and sudden death. It is probably the best ballad in American literature.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes.
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree:
Spring and winter,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.
Not a neighbor,
Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift, with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.
Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly wooed;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sued.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.
May is passing;
Mid the apple boughs a pigeon coos.
Hannah shudders,
For the mild southwester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped;
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.
'Tis November:
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews;
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose;
Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.
Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views.
Twenty seasons—
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea;
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

But Miss Larcom, if she has done nothing equal to this, as has no other of our writers, has done some things worthy of its companionship. "Hilary," another sigh cast after another wanderer, is soft and ringing. A totally new and exceedingly beautiful metaphor of ships and the sea is this:—

Hilary,
Summer calls thee o'er the sea!

¹ Poems by Lucy Larcom. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Like white flowers upon the tide,
In and out the vessels glide;
But no wind on all the main
Sends thy blithe soul home again:
Every salt breeze moans for thee,
Hilary.

A good picture of autumn foliage and Indian Summer is this:—

To her bier
Comes the year,
Not with weeping and distress, as mortals do;
But to guide her way to it,
All the trees have torches lit;
Blazing red the maples shine the woodlands through;
Gay witch-hazels in the river
Watch their own bright tapers quiver;
Flickering burn the birches yellow
Through the walnuts, brown and mellow;
Dark, sad pines stand breathless by,
Mourners sole, and mourning that they cannot die.

Very forcible is her "Song of the Rose," in contrast with and the consequence of previous elemental wars. Thus happily the analogy winds upward:—

Life's marvelous queen-flower blossoms so,
In dust of low ideas rooted fast;
Ever the beautiful is moulded slow,
From truth in errors past.

And of some wonder blossom yet we dream
Whereof the time that is unfolds the seed;
Some flower of light, to which the Rose shall seem
A fair and fragile weed.

"A Loyal Woman's No," has the ring of experience. It is a burst of wrath that all whose blood ran cold or hostile in the fiery hours of the war, ought to have had break upon their heads, only they do not deserve to be scolded in such good poetry. It also shows how thoroughly fitted our women were to go with us to the polls when all the depth of that baptism of God fell on them as on their brothers, even as the Pentecostal fire sat alike on men and women, "on each of them." What is better than this?

Who weds me must at least with equal pace
Sometimes move with me at my being's height.

You turn me to the valley; men should call
Up to the mountains, where the air is clear.
Win me and help me climbing, if at all!
Beyond these peaks great harmonies I hear.

The men and women mated for that time,
Tread not the soothing mosses of the plain;
Their hands are joined in sacrifice sublime,
Their feet firm set in upward paths of pain.

But Miss Larcom's chief desire and delight is religion. In her sacred poems her whole soul goes forth. Some of these have been first given to the public through our columns. "At the Beautiful Gate" is a plea of the sick soul to her Lord.

The "Chamber called Peace," is Bunyan's fine conception, finely wrought out. It is her best religious poem, and draws the soul sweetly on and on, to its eternal chamber of Peace.

The stars in declining fall not of their shining,
Through daylight's increase;
They who pass on before us, leave dawn breaking o'er us,
Lighting up through death's grating, our chamber of waiting,
Our chamber called Peace.

THE TRAVAIL OF HIS SOUL.

It is with devout thanksgiving that I read such utterances as are expressed in the 3d Resolution on the State of the Country, by the Northwest Indiana Conference.

"We call upon the General Government to see to it that the inalienable rights proclaimed and established by our fathers, and engrained by them into the Constitution of the United States, and more recently reasserted by the nation upon the battle field and at the ballot-box, be given to all our people, North and South, regardless of race or color, to the end that teachers may be protected while they shall impart such knowledge as shall be the stability of our times,—that ministers may preach the whole gospel of Christ, and citizens be secured in their civil and religious rights and privileges in all the land."

God bless the old "Northwest!" Her declarations have the ring of pure gold. She does right to speak out. Churches should approve righteousness in the land and firmly condemn unrighteousness. Let the nation lay its finger on the pulse of the churches if it would know the throbbing of the people's heart.

Now turn and read the 3d Resolution of the same Conference on "Freedmen:—"

"We hail with joy" (Amen) "the advanced legislation of the Church upon the subject of caste, and sincerely hope the day is not distant, when in all our annual conferences and societies there will be a full and hearty recognition of the equality of all men in Christ, when there shall no longer be distinctions on account of race and color in all our Zion, but when all men shall be equally admitted to their rights and privileges in the Church of God."

All hail, old "Northwest," here is our hand. We greet you from the sinful South and rejoice with you in your

utterances. You certainly intended the number 3 to hold all the glory of the Conference. You here administer a just rebuke to some of your sister Conferences in your fearless and righteous declarations on this subject of caste, as well as to some who ought to have more of the mind of Christ in their editorial instructions of the Church. Our heart feels the effect of your sentiments, and had you dropped as a line in advance we would have journeyed from the Commonwealth of Tennessee, and asked, for lang syne sake, the privilege of recording a vote, on these two resolutions, among the ayes.

H. O. HOFFMAN.

SHELBYVILLE, Tenn., Dec. 18, 1868.

THE LAST COUNCIL OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Mr. Davis reached Abbeville on the first of May. Here he resolved upon a council of war. It was composed of the five brigade commanders, and General Braxton Bragg (for the year past the "military adviser" of the President) was admitted to this last scene of the deliberations of the LOST CAUSE.

In the counsel Mr. Davis spoke with more than his accustomed facility and earnestness, inspired by hope, but without volubility or extravagance. He made a statement of surpassing plausibility. The South, he declared, was suffering from a panic; it yet had resources to continue the war; it was for those who remained with arms in their hands to give an example to reanimate others; such an act of devotion, besides being the most sublime thing in history, might yet save the country, and erect again its declining resolution. "It is but necessary," he said, "that the brave men yet with me should renew their determination to continue the war; they will be a nucleus for rapid reinforcements, and will raise the signal of reanimation for the whole country." No one of the council answered him at length; the replies of the commanders were almost sunk to whispers; the scene was becoming painful; and it was at last agreed that each in his turn should announce his decision. Each answered slowly, reluctantly, in the negative; the only words added were that though they considered the war hopeless, they would not disband their men until they had guarded the President to a place of safety.

"No," exclaimed Mr. Davis, passionately. "I will listen to no proposition for my safety. I appeal to you for the cause of the country." Again he urged the commanders to accept his views.

"We were silent," says General Basil Duke, one of the council, "for we could not agree with him, and we respected him too much to reply."

Mr. Davis yet stood erect, raised his hands to his head, as if in pain, and suddenly exclaimed, "All hope is gone;" added haughtily, "I see that the friends of the South are prepared to consent to her degradation;" and then sweeping the company with a proud and despairing glance, he attempted to pass from the room.

But the blow was too much for his feeble organization. His face was white with anger and disappointment, and the mist of unshed tears was in his eyes—tears which pride struggled to keep back. The sentiment that all was lost went through his heart like the slow and measured thrust of a sword: as the wound sunk into it, it left him speechless; loose and tottering, he would have fallen to the floor, had not General Breckenridge ended the scene by leading him faltering from the room. In a dead and oppressive silence the deserted leader, the fallen chief, secured a decent retreat for agonies which tears only could relieve.

It was the last council of the Confederacy.—E. A. POLLARD, in *Packard's Monthly*.

THE WISDOM OF CHRISTIAN FAITH.

In September, 1860, the writer was walking, morning and evening, beneath the magnificent trees of the University of Bonn, on the banks of the Rhine. The leaves were beginning to fade and fall; and hard by, Mr. Bunsen, who had long occupied the highest positions in the diplomacy of Europe, and at the same time in literary and theological labors, was slowly declining to the grave, and a few days after was borne by his sons to his burial. In his last waning days of life he said: "In spite of all my failings and imperfections, I have desired, I have sought, what is noble here below. But my richest experience is in having known Jesus Christ. How good it is to contemplate life from this elevation. This is the Kingdom of God. O my God, how beautiful are Thy tabernacles!" As his attention was directed to the beautiful sunset, "Yes," said he in English, "that is beautiful; the love of God is everything." "May God bless you," he added in French. "Let us depart in Jesus Christ;" afterwards, in Latin, *Christus recognoscitur victor: Christus est, est Christus victor*; and then in German, "Christ must become all in all. I desire nothing theatrical; but I wish to say a few words in the midst of my children and friends. I am going to die, and I long to die. I offer my blessing, the blessing of an old man, to any one that desires it. To belong to a church or denomination is nothing. I see clearly that we are all sinners. We are safe only as we are in Jesus Christ. All the rest is nothing,—nothing." So life ebbed away in a loving, peaceful trust.

This is the whole. The life which we now live is by faith in the Son of God. What the Centurion had not, we have; the positive assurance and promise of the Redeemer. This has been verified by ages of human experience. Every man who has died in peace, looking unto Jesus, is an irrefutable argument for the wisdom of faith. We know enough, we believe enough, concerning the Lord Jesus Christ, to warrant our implicit confidence. Let not the faith of a heathen soldier put us to shame. The simpler our trust in Christ for all things, the surer is our peace. There is a firm substance for the hand to grasp. Lay hold upon it, and turn your eye to Jesus Christ, and find repose by the confession of your confidence in Him.—*From Conversations of Jesus Christ, recently published.*—REV. W. ADAMS, D. D.

For the Children.

THE NIGHT STORM.

"O mother," cried a little child,
 "I cannot sleep to-night;
 Hark, how the storm grows fierce and wild,
 It fills me with affright;
 I hear the wind roar through the trees,
 And howl above my bed;
 I tremble when it comes so near,
 And cover up my head."

"And why?" the mother gently said,
 "Why need you fear to sleep?
 Why hide that little timid head?
 God will my darling keep.
 What though the wind blows fierce and loud!
 It can do us no ill;
 We're in our Father's hands, and He
 Can bid the storm 'be still.'"

"Trust Him, my child, and peaceful rest,
 Safe in His tender care;
 And think of others more distressed,
 And breathe for them a prayer.
 Think of the little sailor boy,
 Tossing upon the deep;
 Think of the wandering, homeless poor;
 O pray for them—and sleep."

BETTY BEESWAX AGAIN.

Little Betty had another pet, that helped save her, I reckon, from prejudice against black living beings. It was a crow, or as some would call it, a raven. It seems that if so pretty a creature as a bird can afford to be black, we need not complain if some people are black. Well, Crow was a funny creature. He made great acquaintance with Pero, a large black dog that belonged to a neighbor across the street. He used to take a ride on Pero's back every morning. After a while he took a ride on every large dog that passed. Sometimes he would ride half a mile and then come back alone. He was a great scold, if everything was not done to suit him. Betty used to try to cultivate patience in him by making him stand on some uneasy place until she was ready to take him off; but it did no good. When she moved away she gave him to a little boy in the neighborhood. This little boy had got the idea that everything could swim; so he put the crow into the deep water, and poor Crow was drowned. Perhaps all kinds of birds are as fond of riding as this raven was. I remember hearing a lady tell a story about a ride that a parrot took. A hen-hawk caught her and was carrying her off, sailing away and soaring up with her, and she was so much pleased that, as they were going over a corn-field where a man was hoeing whom she knew, she called out, "I'm riding, Jim Jenkins!" The hawk being frightened to hear his prize go to talking, dropped her, and Jim Jenkins brought her home. But I must not stop too long telling stories and forget Betty Beeswax. Yet, what I tell you about her is nearly all in stories that I have heard her tell her children; but they almost all refer to herself when she was a little girl, and called by that name. She was nearly six years old when they moved to what they then called "Down East." They had always lived on the banks of the beautiful Kennebec, in the State of Maine. And this was still in the same State, where they had gone, and only about one hundred miles east; but it seemed a great distance, and that part of the State was then very new. The woods were all around their house, so that they heard owls screeching and coo-hooting at any time in the night, and bears were often caught in the corn-fields by traps set for them. Betty and her sister, a little older than herself, roamed at pleasure in the day-time, around in the woods, being careful not to get out of sight of the house. They used to find the most beautiful plants and flowers that could be thought of. She says the garden of Eden could not have had prettier. They had one plant which they found when they were a little older and could be trusted out of sight of the house, which they called the Garden of Eden. It was a large one in a swampy place, and it seemed as if it had, once on a time, been a lily-pond, and moss had grown over it; for when the children would jump upon it, the moss would shake in waves, as if water were under it. This family had some distant neighbors on all sides of them, but on two sides of them there was no road, and they had to go by what they called a "spotted line." They hewed off a bit of bark from trees in a straight line from one house to the other, and this is what they called a spotted line. Sometimes the men going by this would get lost, and then they would halloo, and listen until they could hear the blowing of a trumpet which would be given in answer to them, and they, following the sound, found their way out. None but men dared to go by the spotted line alone. If it was a cloudy day, or after sunset, they were almost sure to get lost; for the forests were so dense, and so extensive, as to make it quite dark in the brightest part of the day. These were very exciting times when it was known that any one was lost, wandering about, calling for some sound to guide him out. But this was not the most exciting thing they had in the new settlements. When a great fire broke its bounds and got into the woods, it found dry underbrush enough to go upon, so that, as the men used to say, "it would run like a horse;" and then everything and everybody was in danger of being burnt up. One night Betty Beeswax and

her sister were awakened about midnight, by their little brother's wanting a drink of water; and behold the whole room was as red as fire. They looked out at the windows and saw all the trees in a blaze from top to root. They were so near the woods that when the trees fell, as they would by burning, the house was in danger. These children made an outcry which woke their parents.

It was in a few moments found that the fire entirely surrounded the house except on one side where there was a little green field; and it became so hot that it was burning the green trees as well as the dry ones. The father carried the children into the middle of this little field, and went to bringing the household goods out, while the mother took her infant and went to raise the nearest neighbor, which was nearly a mile, and by a road such as would not be called a road anywhere else. She reached the neighbor with great difficulty, after falling over the rough roots of trees, with her babe in her arms and putting out her light. These neighbors happened to have others with them that night, and some came to afford help, and some went to spread the alarm, so that by daylight half the men in the town were together, fighting fire; and their wives came together, to help cook their breakfast and dinner. Their way of fighting fire was very different from what the way is here. They had to dig up new earth and cover the fire where they could reach it, and where they could not, it must burn until it fell, or they must cut down the burning trees. You may not understand where these fires first start from. Well, they start from the fires that are set to burn away the brush after men fell the trees to prepare the way for corn-fields. They watch them until they think they have got through and have gone so nearly out that they can do no harm, but sometimes a little wind that can hardly be noticed blows them up again, and if it is a dry time they get to running before people know it. These fires got to raging so at this time in some places, that people saved nothing only what they put down in their wells.

It was not long after this before this family came near again being burnt up. The father had gone to see a neighbor two miles away. This neighbor had left their house the night before when it was getting too dark to go by a spotted line; yet he ventured to go. But they felt worried about him as the fires were then raging in the woods, and they feared that he had got surrounded by fire and smothered with smoke, so that he could not cry for help if he was lost. So little Betty's father went the next day, as we were saying, to see if the neighbor had arrived home safe. He found he had, and was returning home very much relieved when suddenly a breeze came up which started up the fires all around him and he knew not which way to go. He could neither go back nor forward without being burned; and the fires were every moment drawing nearer to him on every side. At this same time, though unknown to him, of course, yet he feared it, his family were surrounded by a furious fire. The winds had raised the fires there too, and trees were falling in every direction by being burnt away at the roots. One burning tree fell right across the door-step, and the little field which was now covered with dry stubble was burning too. She that was little Betty says she remembers the house being filled with smoke, and sparks going by the windows in clouds, she burying her face in her mother's dress crying, expecting to be burnt to death, the younger children holding on upon the mother, the older sister standing by, pale with fear, the mother meanwhile praying to God for deliverance, though she could hardly expect it. She feared that she with her children there, and her husband in the woods, if he had started for home, were all to be burnt. Suddenly there came a shower, just enough to allay the fury of the fire. The mother has always said it seemed to her that that shower came out of the clear sky,—it came so suddenly, and she saw no clouds, either before it or after it. This timely shower saved the father's life too, and permitted him to reach his home; and as he entered the house and found his family and himself safe, his children saw him weep for the first time in their lives. Some men are never seen to weep, and others but a few times in their lives; and this man was one of this kind; but now he wept for gratitude and joy. After this summer these new settlers were comparatively safe from fire, for they had got the trees cleared away from around their houses. Little Betty's father had a good deal of land, and a gentleman coming to look for a farm, stopped to see him, and he sold him one right by the side of his own. How cheering it looked to see a house and barn going up in sight of their own! and how good it was going to be to have a near neighbor!

AN ACQUAINTANCE.

THE RED PEPPERS.

In a basket of seeds and vegetables that had just arrived from the country was a string of bright red peppers, which immediately attracted the attention of James Anthon, a boy of four years, who had come in with his mother while I was unpacking the basket.

"O mamma," he exclaimed, "what shining red things! How very pretty they are! May I have them to play with, mamma?"

"They are not playthings, my dear," she answered; "neither are they good for little boys. Besides, they are very hot."

James opened wide his big black eye. "Hot, mamma? Why, there is no fire;" and, reaching out a chubby finger, he softly touched one of the peppers, as though he feared it might burn him; exclaiming, in a triumphant tone, "There, mamma, the pretty red thing is cold! May I not hold it in my hand one little minute?"

Now I am sorry to say that James, like a great many little boys and girls I know, loved to have his own way; and it was very hard for him to give up any thing that he had set his heart upon. So he persisted in begging for the red peppers. "O, if you would give me one,—just one little 'twenty, tonty' one, mamma!" he said, in a coaxing tone. On his mother telling him it would burn his fingers, he gave a quick laugh, saying, "How can a cold thing like that burn me?" Then she explained to him that they were hot in themselves; and that, if he got any of the pepper on his hands or his face, it would smart terribly, and he would quickly find out what she meant when she called them hot.

And so the subject was dropped. I was called from the room, and Mrs. Anthon was busy with her sewing; when all at once I heard a loud scream from James. He had slyly crept up to the table, and had taken possession of one of the scarlet playthings he had so long been coveting, and was speedily finding out, to his bitter cost, what his mother meant when she called them "hot." His plump little hands were smarting as though they had been plunged into the fire, and big tears were rolling down his cheek. Suddenly he stuck both fists into his eyes, and then, with a howl of pain, threw himself into his mother's lap, crying out, "O mamma! how it hurts! how it burns! O mamma! can't you do something to take away the naughty pain?"

I got a basin of cold water, and dipped into it a soft linen cloth, which I laid again and again upon his flushed and swollen face and burning hands; his mother telling him, that, another time, he must remember she knew better than he did what a little boy ought to do, and that now he was punished for being disobedient, and for persisting in having his own way.

I did not see James Anthon for several years after that little adventure,—not till he was a tall, manly-looking lad. I asked him if he had forgotten the red peppers. He blushed scarlet, and turned towards his mother with a tender smile. She answered for him: "I am happy to say he never has forgotten them; and whenever he has attempted to have his own way, and to set up his will against mine, I have said, 'Red peppers, James,' and he has instantly given up."—*Child at Home.*

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS, NO. 2.

1. Whose idea was it to trim clothes with fringe?
2. What threat shows the present state of Palestine?
3. What shows the Jews' present condition?
4. What time of year did Israel cross the Jordan?
5. What prophecy did Joshua utter of the man who should rebuild Jericho?
6. Was this fulfilled?

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS, NO. 1.

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| 1. Numbers xvi. 46. | 2. Deut. ii. 25. |
| 3. Deut. iii. 9. | 4. Deut. 3. 13. |
| 5. Deut. iii. 25. | 6. Deut. vi. 7. |
| 7. Deut. xvi. 21. | 8. Deut. xx. 5 to 9. |
| 9. Deut. xx. 19 to 29. | 10. Deut. xx. 10. |

FROM HERE AND THERE.

The following story should be dedicated to the eminent Boston divine who says nobody should be punished for drinking but only for drunkenness. It is one of Goethe's stories, which, whether true or not, illustrates a practice and a law of nature, and answers all that class who hope to cure the evil of drinking by any other rule than total abstinence and prohibition, personal, social and legal. The doctor should put it into his next sermon on temperance necessitating drinking.

"The Bishop of Mayence once delivered a sermon against drunkenness, and, after painting in the strongest colors the evils of over-indulgence, concluded as follows:—'But the abuse of wine does not exclude its use, for it is written that wine rejoices the heart of man.' Probably there is no one in my congregation who cannot drink four bottles of wine without feeling any disturbance of his senses; but if any man at the seventh or eighth bottle so forgets himself as to abuse and strike his wife and children and treat his best friends as enemies, let him look into his conscience, and in future always stop at the sixth bottle. Yet, if after drinking eight, or even ten or twelve bottles, he can still take his Christian neighbor lovingly by the hand, and obey the orders of his spiritual and temporal superiors, let him thankfully drink his modest draught. He must be careful, however, as to taking any more, for it is seldom that Providence gives any one the special grace to drink sixteen bottles at a sitting, as it has enabled me, its unworthy servant, to do without either neglecting my duties or losing my temper."

If you your lips
 Would keep from slips,
 Five things observe with care:
 Of whom you speak,
 To whom you speak,
 And how, and when, and where.

There are supposed to be between eleven and twelve million Methodists, of all branches, who speak the English language.

Nothing is so eloquent, addressed to the intellect, as luminous statement. Nothing so eloquent, addressed to the sentiments, as intense conviction.

A wise man forgets old grudges.

Many a cannot is a simple will-not.

Greatness and simplicity are inseparably connected.

None talk so loudly of benevolence as those who subsist on it.

A good man will never teach that which he does not believe.

A truly great man never puts away the simplicity of a child.

Correspondence.

WORDS FROM WASHINGTON.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

The New Year opens happily. The nation's prospects dawn more fairly than ever before during the past eight years. Progress proceeds with more and more startling rapidity, and eighteen hundred and sixty-nine will see the culmination of many enterprises which have been growing from nonage to adult-life. Just let us glance at them for a moment. In 1830 we had not a mile of railroad; now we have 37,000 miles completed and 17,000 in process of completion. In 1843, the proposal to refer Morse's telegraph to a Committee, was almost laughed out of Congress. Now we have many thousand miles stretching, like nerves through the body, all over the continent, and making of every great centre of life and population a "whispering gallery." Looking at this wonderful growth, our hearts turn to the Almighty Father, who holds us as in "the hollow of His hand," and involuntarily a *Te Deum Laudamus* chants itself in all reverence and gratitude. When the imagination leaps forward to glance at what the year whose life begun to-day, the crowding possibilities of these twelve months almost overawe us with their grandeur. Eighteen hundred and sixty-eight will mark the close of the era of revolution, war, rapine, slavery, and assassination. Its successor will mark, in history, the opening of a new cycle in this nation's history—especially in our hitherto war-blinded and passion-cursed section—the South. So much we can be assured of, as likely to occur this year. There is abundant evidence visible here to show that the South is about to enter on a career of great prosperity, of renewed activity, of rapid progress in directions which will make returns far more than compensating for what she has lost. At last the Yankee is really invading the South. He is building the school-house, and has already laid the foundations of a common school system. He is making possible at last, free discussion of political principles hitherto denied utterance. This he is doing, in spite of bloodshed and turmoil. Slowly, the Yankee is enforcing on the Southern mind, the necessity of obedience to law, and with that comes the recognition of ordered liberty, which is the true foundation of a stable state. At last, and this is most potent in its promises, the Yankee is asked to bring his capital, and with it the agencies which must regenerate the South. Wendell Phillips can rest assured, at last, the South has learnt, or rather is learning, that capital can come only in freedom, and that Peace is only assured where both unite.

With the prospects before us; with the certainty of the reign of law being fairly inaugurated in the South; with the knowledge that both oceans will be spanned by the Pacific Railroad within a few months, and the mother-continent and the teeming millions who inhabit it, be made our next door neighbors; and, more than all, that at home we shall have an Executive whose highest duty and pride it will be, to learn and respect the will of the people, and an Administration whose chief honor it will be to make the Republic an honor at home and respected abroad,—may we not all join in praise and thanksgiving to Him who rules the universe and has held us in such favor and mercy.

ECONOMY THE ORDER.

So far there has been little done in either House besides discussion of the Appropriation bills. The most noticeable feature is the zeal, which I do not think to be merely momentary, either to put an end to the corruptions and irregularities which the laxity caused by the war,—on all matters, at least, but those that related to itself,—has enabled to creep in legislation and administration.

THE GOVERNMENT RAILROAD AND TELEGRAPH.

It is very evident that we have entered on a struggle with the great corporations, that now transmit intelligence and convey passengers and freights. No one not interested in the corporations can fail to see that the result must be the ultimate possession of these agencies by the Government, to be run for the common benefit. Roads—I speak of the ordinary highways—were and are built by the community through which they pass for the benefit of the whole people. Generally taxes are levied to pass them. Whenever tolls are collected, discontent is a result. Then comes their abolishment. Now, if the progress of discovery changes the character of our roads from turnpikes to tramway, and the modes of propulsion from animals to steam, does it not follow that the construction must still be for the common weal? When, therefore, they pass that stage, and are chiefly used to fatten great corporations, then comes in the public safety and convenience to demand a change. Railroads, operated, are as much a matter of common necessity as turnpikes have been. Why, then, should they be operated at a profit? Why should they not be controlled by the Commonwealth, for the common weal? Does not the same reasoning apply to the telegraph? These are questions which are forcing themselves upon public attention here.

Just now such topics seem to obscure those of vital political importance. But it is not really so. Men's opinions are crystallizing around some definite policy with regard to the proposed suffrage amendment, and also as to further needed reconstruction legislation. I shall not take up these topics and discuss probabilities, as two weeks hence they will be nearer a true solution than now. At least I hope so. Kosmos.

Rev. L. D. Ward of Philadelphia commenced a course of four free lectures on the Gospel, &c., on Tuesday last, to be continued to-night, next Tuesday and Thursday, at Freeman Place Chapel, Beacon Street, Boston.

Our Book Table.

THE HUMAN INTELLECT, with an Introduction upon Psychology and the Soul. By Noah Porter, D. D. Charles Scribner & Co., New York, 1868. 8vo. 700 pp.

As Dr. Wilhelm Traugott Krug sat in his study over in Leipzig one day, some forty odd years ago, writing up his "General Dictionary of the Philosophical Sciences," he came to the word "American Philosophy." Alack! what could the poor man say on that head. Methinks we see him, as he dubiously shakes his learned caput over the unpromising term which stares at him from the unfilled page. A sigh and an extra pull at the beer mug do not relieve his embarrassment. Something must be said. Just as he is ready to dash his pen through the pesterful word and to pass on, his professional pride begins to rise. "Noddy!" he cries, "was ever a true philosopher at loss for something to say on any topic? If he cannot affirm, can he not deny? If he has no facts to state, can he not theorize all the more freely? If there is nothing to report, must not the very lack be philosophically accounted for? Fie on you, Sir Philosopher!" Thereat the learned Doctor, blushing at his infirmity, readjusts his great round spectacles, and commences: "Whether there was any American philosophy before the discovery of America, is very doubtful." Beginning worthy of a historian and philosopher! A most appropriate and safe introduction! Having proved this statement, he proceeds to speak of the dearth of philosophers in America since its discovery and settlement, and to give philosophic reasons for the strange phenomenon. "However," he observes, rising now to the true philosophic altitude whence all national and continental boundaries lose their significance—"however, we may expect, now that that world-quarter has thrown off European domination and adopted more liberal political constitutions, that even there men of philosophical genius will from time to time rise up and participate in the development of science. Indeed, if it is true, that culture, like the sun, journeys from the east westward, the time may sometime come, when Europeans will make their pilgrimages to America, not to secure gold and silver, but the nobler treasures of wisdom!" Bravo! exclaims Dr. Wilhelm in his heart, as he thus handsomely concludes his embarrassing task. Another confidential interview with the beer-mug—this time in a very different state of mind—and Dr. Wilhelm is ready for the next article.

This pleasing prophecy of the contemporary of Schelling and Hegel comes very freshly to our mind on meeting the other day with a copy of Dr. Porter's new work on "The Human Intellect." Its stout proportions gave it a very prepossessing look; its dedication to the leading philosophic mind of Berlin relieved it of the peculiar provincial character so inseparably associated in most minds with the metaphysical and theological productions of Yale; its modest and appropriate preface was all that could be expected even of the Coming American Philosopher. With the eager question, Is the prophesied millennium of American Philosophy at last dawning? the big book was broached. Leaving time and tide—the tide of European students which the work may or may not attract—to decide said weighty question, we here address ourselves to the more practically important task of giving the interested reader a brief account of the work and of the views which it advocates. In the limits to which we are necessarily confined, we can perform the task only in the most imperfect manner.

After an introduction of sixty pages on "Psychology and the Soul," and a preliminary chapter of twenty pages more "On the Function, Development, and Faculties of the Human Intellect," our author divides his work as follows: Part I. Presentation and Representative Knowledge (nine chapters); Part II. Representation and Representative Knowledge (six chapters); Part III. Thinking and Thought-Knowledge (nine chapters); Part IV. Intuition and Intuitive Knowledge (eight chapters).

The doctrine of sense-perception advocated in the work is that first advanced by Johann Müller (*Handbuch der Physiologie des Menschen*. 2 vols. Coblenz, 4th ed. 1851, tr. by Baly, London, 1848), and afterwards presented in fuller form by Sir William Hamilton. The chapter on "Theories of Sense-Perception" is, perhaps, the most complete account of these theories in the English language. The doctrine of Induction is very circumspectly stated and the essential difference between simple and inductive judgments clearly pointed out. The account given of the Intuitions contains many happy discriminations, though no exhaustive enumeration seems to be attempted. Whether, with Cousin, our author regards their ideas of the true, beautiful, and good as intuitive, or with McCosh would grant that distinction to the true but deny it to the beautiful, or with Locke and his disciples, degrade them all to the rank of *notiones adventitiae* does not appear.

The Christian-theistic bearings of the doctrines are brought out—not at all obtrusively—in several places. His exposures of the defects of Hamilton and Mansel's Philosophy of Nescience are thorough and happy. On pages 429-30 he maintains the philosophical possibility and reasonableness of a revelation from God. Elsewhere he discusses the relation of the imagination to religious faith. As for J. A. Ernesti's argument for verbal inspiration, lately resuscitated in this country, Dr. Porter, without apparent thought of the theological bearing of his decision, maintains that thought is possible without language (page 422.) In this opinion he coincides with Whitney and some other authorities in philosophical science. On pages 586-88 the theories which resolve all causation, both human and physical, into the immediate agency of God, receive a convincing refutation. The Doctor's attitude towards the problems of Theism is perhaps sufficiently indicated in the following citation from the last paragraph of the work. "We assume that this absolute exists [he has just defined the Absolute as "a thinking agent"] in order that thought and science may be possible. We do not demonstrate his being by deduction, because we must believe it in order to reason deductively. We do not infer it by induction, because induction supposes it; but we show that every man who believes in either, or both, must assume it, or give up his confidence in both these processes and their results. We do not demonstrate that God exists, but that every man must assume that he does."

1 On this point, the relation of thought to speech, as on several others there is a striking similarity, not merely of sentiment but even of expression, between the work before us and the *Curso di Lezioni di Filosofia razionale, ossia Sistema psichico-ontologico del P. Antonio Maugeri*. 3 tomi, Catania, 1867. The coincidence is doubtless accidental, as there is nothing in his book to indicate that Dr. Porter has any acquaintance with the works of his distinguished *Glaucomagennese* of Catania.

On the whole the work is a very valuable addition to American text-book literature. It gives the student a more comprehensive survey of the different views which have been taken of the powers, functions, and processes of the human intellect than any other work in our language. Its criticisms of opposing systems and opinions are generally just and generous. Its summaries of the history of psychological doctrines are instructive and as complete as the limits of a text-book would well allow. The author has greatly profited by his studies in the French and German literature of his science, particularly the latter. An equally thorough study of the psychological and metaphysical writings of Rosmini, Mamiani, Gioberti, Galuppi, Tedeschi, D'Acquisito, Martini, Corleo, Pagano, Boneucci, La Rosa, Mancini, Di Giovaremi, Lettieri, and Bianchetti, would have enabled him to present a more complete survey of modern speculation with respect to mind and knowledge. It would be easy to criticize the book in divers parts, both as to form and matter, but for such work this is not the place. Suffice it, that its author has given us a text-book for higher psychological instruction, adapted not only to prevent the introduction of such wretched sensationalistic works as those of Spencer, Mill, and Bain, but also to supersede the meagre and superficial manuals now generally in use. Could we have had a complete Psychology in a volume of the same compass, it would have been better, but if our author will soon favor us with equally thorough and scholarly volumes upon the Sensibilities and Will, we will rest content.

A HISTORY OF THE NEW SCHOOL, and of the questions involved in the Disruption of the Presbyterian Church in 1838, by Samuel J. Baird, D. D. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, 819, 821 Market Street. The Presbyterian Church has an itch for doctrinal controversy, as the Episcopalian has for ritual, the Baptist for ceremonial, and the Methodist for polity. This history, professing to be of the late New School controversy, now happily coming to an end, goes back to the Cromwellian era, and shows how that price of the Congregation and the Congregationalists snubbed the high and mighty Presbyterians who had helped put him in his higher and mightier seat. Thence it rapidly descends to our own day, and gives a succinct, that is, sucked-dry account of the feuds and frays of the body, to the disruption in 1838. Of its great merit it gives no description, of its great revivals no account, of its Church enterprises, costly and commendable, no enumeration. It is as if Dr. Stevens had confined his history to a detail of the O'Kelley, Killen, Stillwell, Shinn, Scott and Southern cleavages, with no story even of those cleavages. Very dull, very profitless is the book. Who will write a real history of the Presbyterian Church, its grand work, and grand men, full of Christ and not of controversy? It has a splendid history. Will its best writer, Mr. Cuyler, put his vivid pen to this service? He has done much in separate portraiture. Let him put his pictures on one canvas, and do for his body in all its separate branches this sacred service. Dr. Sprague could do it, but his pen hardly glows sufficiently for the theme. Dr. Gillette has contributed to the end; but he half forgot the height of his calling, which he saw and reached in his "Life of Huss." We nominate Theodore L. Cuyler as historiographer of the Presbyterian Church.

SERMONS TO CHILDREN, by John N. Norton (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is composed of very pleasing little talks on Gospel themes; full of piety, spirit, and attractiveness. They should go into every Sabbath-school library.

MAGAZINES. *Blackwood's Magazine* for December continues a lively story. "Doubles and Quits," describes the sailor of a century ago, and of George the Second's reign, "Commodore Anson," a totally forgotten name, but well revived to England to-day in Anson Burlingame, who comes from what was then the two ends of the world, America and China, to make England respect both of these governments, the oldest and youngest of empires, which she has about equally despised. Kinglake is complimented for his "Crime," and Dean Milman reviewed and praised.

Tilton's Journal of Horticulture and Floral Magazine opens a new year well. Mr. Hyde commends the new "American President Wilder Strawberry" as destined to absorb its rivals. The "Lilium Auratum," "Grapes," "Parlor Plants," and twenty pages of "Notes and Gleanings," make up this number of the handsomest of the Horticultural Magazines.

The Religious Monthly for January comes out in new dress, and not in new religion. It clings well to what it had, declares war still against the radicals, says that "Liberal Christianity with the person of Christ left out, we do not believe would survive another half century;" declares its "allegiance is higher" than to Unitarianism, even "to Jesus Christ as the revelation of God," and affirms that "the grand question of the nineteenth century is between Christianity as a supernatural, divine revelation, and Christianity as a form of naturalism," which last phrase ought to omit the word "Christianity." Yet in all this excellence there is still a fear to say "our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ;" there is a shrinking from confessing His divine nature and atonement, by faith in whom alone can we be regenerated and saved. "The majestic personality of Jesus Christ is well, but the Divine personality of the Son of God is better. 'Come up higher.' It is doing good service in its conflict with anti-christianism, but will do better when it preaches more fully Christ crucified, by whose blood we are made new creatures, redeemed unto God, and made heirs of everlasting life.

Publications Received since our Last.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.	PUBLISHERS.	FOR SALE BY	AT
The New Testament, Noyes (trans.) Am. Unit. Assn.	Am. Unit. Assn.		
The Proverb Series, Lee & Shepard.	Lee & Shepard.		
Pictures from Prison Life, Haynes	"		
Young America Abroad, Optie,	"		
Dotty Dimple at Play, May,	"		
Out of the Fire, Chellis,	Nat. Temp. Society, N. Y.		
Juvenile Delinquents, Pierce,	Appleton & Co.		
Law of Love, Hopkins,	Scribners.	A. F. G.	24ves.
English Literature, Day,	"		
The Little Corporal,	A. Sewell, Chicago.		
Christian Examiner,	J. Miller, N. Y.		
16th Ann. Cat. Pub. Library,	A. Mudge & Son.		
The Radical,			
The Schoolmate, J. H. Allen,			
The Guardian of Health, Cornell,			
Our Boys and Girls, Optie,	Lee & Shepard.		
Littell's Living Age	Littell & Gay.		
The Monthly Religious Magazine,	E. C. Bowles.		
Vick's Floral Guide,	James Vick.		

¹ For illustration, Robert Collier.

off the track is not real freedom! If God has marked out a course for men to follow, safety and success depend upon following it. In this sublimer than Appian Way, evangelical Christianity is marching to the conquest of the world.

The weapons we are to employ in this controversy are simple and spiritual—the weapons of the fathers. God commends their use. His blessing is especially upon them. Our opponents will tempt us to throw them down. They know their power. "Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves?" will be heard throughout the encampment. But cling to the simple weapons. They are the flying artillery of the field, the most easily handled, and the most effective in execution. It is the simple publication of Christian experience as the work of the Holy Ghost; it is earnest, practical piety, linked with old-fashioned revival efforts, that will shake the foundations of false Christianity more terribly than all the heavy artillery ever forged in our schools, or dragged upon the fields of religious controversy.

The essay will be widely read, studied and criticised. It will do good in opening the eyes of many to the most popular, and one of the most dangerous forms of anti-Christianity that ever betrayed Christ with a kiss and kept souls from salvation. Circulate it.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

While the new year is opening, it is a fitting time to ask ourselves, how we stand? As we look over the past, the startling thought comes to us, that every act, word, and deed of ours have passed to their record on high—eternal, unchanging. We cannot go back to undo the work we have done, to do that which we have left undone; and even if we could, we could give God no assurance that we should live more worthily in the future than in the past. "Omnipotence itself cannot undo a deed." Only the influence is in His hands, to control and overrule for His honor and glory. This influence follows us all through life, reaches out into eternity, meets us at the Judgment. The sentence that will be pronounced upon us there, is the sentence that our lives are preparing to put into the mouth of the Judge. We mourn the golden opportunities wasted, the mercies slighted, the privileges abused; but the inexorable past has laid its hand upon all, and there is no reprieve.

This a fitting time, above all others, to hear and heed the voice that says, "Arise ye, and depart, for this is not your rest." Though there is rest here in work, rest in doing and suffering the will of God, yet we love to think of those who have gone with their garnered sheaves to the final rest, gone home to celebrate the birthday of the Prince of Peace, our Heavenly Master, our Elder Brother. Our ranks are thinning here, and swelling there; and those of us who remain, waiting all the days until our change shall come, if we have no golden grain to gather in the year that is coming, may have our leaf green; if we cannot do active service in the cause of Christ, we may be examples to others in some of the Christian graces; if we cannot lead any in the path of peace to holiness, we may be able to keep that which is lame from being turned out of the way. It will be better that God shall write against our names, "They have done what they could," than "Take from him the one talent, and give to him that hath ten."

Yes, there is always something to be done; always some one by whom God sends to another the pearl of great price, by whom He sends the "word in season" that shall lift the burden from the struggling soul.

In the year that is coming, as in that which is past, there will be much to be thankful for—much to rejoice over. This much-abused old world is, after all, better than we are willing to give it credit for; and there are brighter places in it than we always see; albeit there are some Christians who have rather a fancy for finding out, and sojourning in "the parched places in the wilderness, the salt land not inhabited." God, in his wisdom, sometimes allows thick darkness to gather around His children; darkness in which "all the beasts of the forest do creep forth;" in which all bitter memories, all withered joys, all past trials, gather in one fierce wave that would utterly overwhelm the trembling soul, and make a wreck of all, were not the anchor cast within the veil. Who shall say, then, "What doest Thou?" if it is the best and only way that God can take to wean us from the world, and make us more wholly His. It is a fitting time also to look to our prayers. How are they? It is one thing to pray with a sort of vague hope that some time our

prayers will be answered—not very importunate about it; it is another to believe they will be answered; and yet another to pray with a full and lively expectation that God is nigh unto us in all that we call upon Him for—that He will answer our prayers—that He does now, if not in just the way that we expect, in that most conducive to His honor and glory, and our good; and that prayer is best, that brings for its answer, "Thy will, O God, be done."

And on the threshold of this new year, striving, perhaps, with our dim eyes to peer into its misty depths, it is a time to remember and rejoice, that the future is wholly God's: only as each moment comes to us, is it ours, and if we will, Christ's presence and the Father's guiding hand will come with it. We need no grace for the year, only for this day, this hour, this moment. The manna gathered beyond the day's need was worthless. If we thus often go to God for our supplies of grace and strength, we shall surely live near to Him, and He will give us grace to walk so inoffensively as to bring no reproach upon His name, no cross upon ourselves; yet, in all to say, "The cup which my Father has given me, shall I not drink it?"

Then let us here gird up the loins of our minds, trim our lamps, throw wide open the shutters that sloth or worldliness have drawn around the heart. Let the light shine out; it may be only one slender ray, yet enough to guide some wanderer home, to show some sinner where and how he may shift his burden to the cross.

Then, if in any hour of this new year, a voice shall say, "The Master has come, and calleth for thee," we may be ready to go in to the marriage supper of the Lamb; we may hear, "Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

MORSE AND TELEGRAPHY.

A dinner was given to S. B. F. Morse, the inventor of Telephony, in New York, last week, at which Chief Justice Chase and many other celebrities were present. Mr. Morse, in an interesting speech, gave an account of the origin and obstacles of "this invention." He said:—

"In 1832, on board an American ship on her voyage from Havre to New York, the *First Telegraph* was conceived, and its essential peculiarities brought forth and elaborated. In 1835, according to the concurrent testimony of many witnesses, it flapped its first accents, and automatically recorded them in this city, a few blocks only distant from the spot from which I now address you. It was a feeble child indeed, ungainly in its dress, stammering in its speech; but it had then all the distinctive features and characteristics of its present manhood. I need not trouble you with the maladies of its unledged infancy, mainly the result of its parent's struggles against poverty, and the influence of the substantial incredulity of those who could have rescued it from its obscurity. It found a friend—an efficient friend—in Mr. Alfred Vail of New Jersey, who, with his father and brother, furnished the means to give the child a decent dress, preparatory to its visit to the seat of Government. These few facts suffice here to indicate the time and place of the birth of the Telegraph. In 1832 it was planned on board the ship. In 1835 its first operation was shown in the New York City University. In the winter of 1837 and 1838 it was presented before Congress."

Its reception by Congress was after the fashion in which all new truths are welcomed.

"The Session of 1837 and 1838 passed away with no other action on the subject of the telegraph than a unanimously favorable report from the House Committee of Commerce. An interval of four years occurred before the attention of Congress could be again roused to consider the matter."

And when aroused it was met in this wise, as reported in Benton's Debates:—

"HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, Feb. 21, 1843.

"ELECTRO AND ANIMAL MAGNETISM."

"On motion of Mr. Kennedy, of Maryland, the Committee took up the bill to authorize a series of experiments to be made in order to test the merits of Morse's Electro-Magnetic Telegraph. The bill appropriates \$30,000, to be expended under the direction of the Postmaster-General.

"Mr. Cave Johnson wished to have a word to say upon this bill. As the present Congress had done much to encourage science, he did not wish to see the science of Mesmerism neglected and overlooked. He therefore proposed that one half the appropriation be given to Mr. Fisk (a gentleman at that time lecturing in Washington on Mesmerism), to enable him to carry on experiments as well as Professor Morse.

"Mr. Houston thought that Millerism should also be included in the benefits of the appropriation.

"Mr. Stanly said he should have no objection to the appropriation for mesmeric experiments, provided the gentleman from Tennessee (Mr. Johnson) was the subject. [A laugh.]

"Mr. Cave Johnson said he should have no objections, provided the gentleman from North Carolina (Mr. Stanly) was the operator. [Great laughter.]

"Several gentlemen called for the reading of the amendment, and it was read by the Clerk, as follows:—

"Provided, That one half of the said sum shall be appropriated for trying mesmeric experiments under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury."

"Mr. Mason (of Ohio) rose to a question of order. He maintained that the amendment was not bona fide, and that such amendments were calculated to injure the character of the House. He appealed to the Chair to rule the amendment out of order.

"The Chairman said it was not for him to judge of the motives of members in offering amendments, and he could not, therefore, undertake to pronounce the amendment not bona fide. Objections might be raised to it on the ground that it was not sufficiently analogous in character to the bill under consideration; but in the opinion of the Chair it would require a scientific analysis to determine how far the magnetism of mesmerism was analogous to that to be employed in telegraphs [laughter]: he, therefore, ruled the amendment in order. On taking the vote, the amendment was rejected—Ayes, 22; Noes not counted. The bill was then laid aside to be reported."

Cave Johnson, who was so witty on the matter, was Postmaster-General when the first line from Washington to Baltimore was put in operation, and though Professor Morse offered it to the Government for \$100,000, Johnson opposed it. (What thick-headed men all our public Johnsons are. They inherit the dogmatism without the genius of the great Sam, and the rare Ben.) To-day, if the nation should buy up the telegraphs as she must yet do, she will have to pay as many millions as she then would have paid thousands. It is the old story of the Sibyl and the sacred books, evermore repeated, and to be evermore repeated.

GENERAL CONFERENCE PAPERS.

The absorption of *The New Orleans* and *Charleston Advocates* into *The Atlanta Advocate*, will do more than any single act to develop the right idea of Church journalism, as advocated on the floor of the General Conference. When the three Southern journals were up for consideration, it was proposed that each of these should have an incorporated publishing board, half ministers and half laymen, and that to each board the Book Concern should loan a sum not exceeding \$2000 a year, for four years, without interest. This proposition the very excellent senior Western agent declared, if adopted, would annihilate the Publishing Department of the Church. And yet our Publishing Department has now annihilated the two journals that then were in existence and that have done very superior service to the Church, and would, if sustained, have been of increasing benefit. We presume our agents have acted with apparent financial wisdom in this matter, as neither of these papers were as yet self-sustaining and probably would not be for some years to come. Though, as the Book Concern has carried on other papers for years, and even now sustains *The Pacific*, and till very lately if it does not now, helped *The Northern* also, it could as properly keep alive two papers in the heart of the rebellious territory until they had become able to stand alone. It has chosen to do otherwise. It has taught our Church in new and important centres, that if they would establish an organ, they must follow the example of *THE HERALD* and organize an association for the carrying on of their enterprise. New Orleans is no more affected by a journal in Atlanta than by one in St. Louis, nor as much. Charleston needs an organ of its own as much as New York. They will be revived in some shape and ere many years. They will be established on the right basis, and be at once thoroughly Church journals in their ownership and conduct, and yet independent of the Book Concern. The very evil that was most deprecated is, by this action, most advanced. It will be found to be no evil, but a great blessing to Methodist journalism, and without harm to our publishing houses. It will relieve the General Conference of the election of editors, and allow the sections most interested in their papers to select those who shall conduct them. It will allow our publishers to devote their energies to such periodical and other literature as may be meant exclusively for universal circulation.

We hail this disaster as a momentary evil with the best of omens. New Orleans will proceed to develop an organization that shall preserve her journal from shipwreck and give her publishing and other interests

suitable consolidation and strength. Charleston will not long remain without its own journal. It cannot. Already *The Record*, the organ of the African Methodist Church, which body affiliates as faithfully in the South with Rebellion as it does in the North with heresy, is taunting us with deserting the field, and doing us by its beguilements great damage in all our churches. The Southern Church journals are equally exultant and thankful. We are left naked before our enemies. This cannot continue. The press, the gift of the Messrs. Claffin, must remain in Charleston, to assist our co-laborers in printing their national journals. It is now used for printing *The South Carolina Republican*, a loyal sheet, and will still be greatly needed for that service. The Western agents are true and noble men, who thought they were doing wisely in uniting these journals in *The Methodist Advocate*, as the Atlanta paper is to be called. They will generously surrender *The Charleston Advocate* to a properly organized body on being relieved of the obligations they have assumed for it.

If these papers shall incur liabilities to the amount of \$2,000 a year, the next General Conference will undoubtedly require the liquidation of the same, and confirm the whole meaning and purpose of the last, which no one doubted or could have doubted at the time. Whatever position *The Western* now takes, the Conference intended to empower the agents to support three papers and not to suppress any. Such we know to be the opinion now of several, and we presume of most our bishops. Such will be the decision of the Brooklyn Conference. It should be carried out now. Let *The Central Southern Advocate* be started and supported by the Western agents, though not on *The Western's* policy. That would kill it and ought to kill it at the start. Let its older sister of the East be cared for by the New York agents who were not desirous for its extinction. Let the New Orleans and Mississippi papers both be aided by the Book Concern, when this last changes its title of *Colored Citizen's Monthly* to *The Christian Citizen's*, not before. Cover the South with Methodist journals, radical and righteous for God and man, and the victory shall soon turn greatly and gloriously on Zion's side.

The greatest musical concert ever projected in America, if not in the world, has been announced by Mr. P. S. Gilmore, a musical director of large skill and repute. It is to commemorate the return of peace, and is to be celebrated on Boston Common, in a building to be erected, that will accommodate 50,000 persons, and that is to be appropriately called the Coliseum. It is to continue three days, and to be holden the 16th, 16th and 17th of next June.

A band of a thousand instruments, school children to the number of twenty thousand, an orchestra of a thousand singers, and in some of the pieces the accompaniment of city bells and parks of artillery, are the musical force. The best pieces are to be played and sung, popular and recherche.

Season tickets for a gentleman and two ladies to all the three days festival are only one hundred dollars apiece, and fifteen hundred such tickets will ensure the success of the undertaking. Cities and towns can subscribe, and the profits will be divided pro rata to the number of such tickets each town and city shall purchase, said profits to be used for the benefit of the widows and orphans of their soldiers.

The project is well termed by musical gentlemen as magnificent. It has received the endorsement of our late and present Governor, of Mayor Shurtleff, and of the leading directors of music in this city. It will probably go through. If so, Boston and the rest of mankind may as well prepare for a sensation.

The President and everybody else is to be invited, including we hope, Mr. Jefferson Davis, Mr. Louis Bonaparte, Mrs. Victoria, Mr. Laird and all the other distinguished ladies and gentlemen who wished us so well and helped us so finely and fairly in "our late unpleasantness." Great is Gilmore. Greater (perhaps) is Grant. Greatest is Peace. Peace and Gilmore will make as big a noise as Grant and War, and far more pleasant to our ears.

A RELAPSE. Our Baltimore patient has a return of its fever. We supposed it improving, and fondly hoped for its recovery. But it is taken with new spasms, and seems to be getting worse and worse. Our gentle and genial treatment in our late note on its note, awakens all its old ire and, like Irving's heroes it is "brimful of wrath and cabbage." It professes to be shocked at our words, a modesty that it never exhibited over the deeds they dimly depicted, but with which all Southern society and every Southern family in Maryland, as well as below that mouth of the pit, were as familiar as with their own daily bread. It declares that Southern gentlemen, who hear it, will never submit to negro equality and negro intimacy, and that Southern ladies will reject with "loathing" all association with these members of their family.

In the face of facts as well known as Charles the Second's history, and as universal as Southern slavery, this air of righteous indignation is exceedingly amusing. Nor will this attempt to stop the laws of God amount to anything. These same Maryland gentry said they would never give up slavery, never stay in the Union, never acknowledge the Lincoln Government, never recognize a black man as a man. One of them, well known to *The Baltimore Methodist*, said he would never come to New England, and yet he spent last summer in leisurely travelling through it, and wrote very interesting letters about us, praising our roads, our towns, our hotels, and boasting that a gentleman with whom he walked in this city, and the only person that he seems to have associated with here, was a colored man. He seemed to feel that he was a brother more truly than the whiter gentlemen of this city, as Americans abroad think their own countrymen nearer of kin than foreigners. We wonder that he did not stop at Mr. Smith's Club Rooms. Equally bravely with this brave son, will the gentry of the South get over their "loathing;" a "loathing" that they no more feel, than they do a loathing to a good dinner, or, in too many cases, to a glass of whiskey.

And even if they did experience this feeling, it would not change destiny. Thus the Normans felt towards the English, the Egyptians to the Hebrews, as Pharaoh showed in his relations to Jacob and his family, and the conquering class always to the conquered. But God laughs all such pretensions to scorn. He overturns and overturns until the basest are uppermost and all men are kneaded together. Nobody knows this better than the medical scholar that presides over *The Baltimore*. It is as certain as that God reigns that if the world stands, all the people of the South will be married together, as it is certain that many of them ought to have been married in the last generations. They have accepted Abolitionism. They will a less offensive word. The former they never allowed. The latter they never forbade. They never will. "Who art thou, O man, that fightest against God."

NEWSPAPER CHANGES. *The Ambassador* has taken the name of *The Christian Leader*, and also taken a larger form and a new, neat dress. Why are our "liberal brethren" so prone to "aliases?" It is a little suspicious when men change their names. Last year *The Christian Inquirer* became *The Liberal Christian*, a result that showed its inquiries had not been as Christian as they should have been. *The Ambassador* seems to conclude that it is not an ambassador in Paul's sense. We agree with it. *The Christian Leader* is a good name. We trust it will lead to Christ and Him crucified, the only Saviour, and the Saviour only to them that believe in this world unto their eternal salvation.

The Christian Era is enlarged. It is a good Baptist journal, full of zeal for the faith and for a little more than the faith, even close communion and immersion. It, however, sticks to the old version of the Bible, and has a warm heart for the Church of God, even if it feels compelled to eat its bread, as the French Bourbon kings used to eat theirs, sitting alone at their table, with their courtiers standing and gazing, awed and admiring, upon their sublime majesties. The future *Christian Era* will make them "have all things in common."

A CARD. — "How use doth breed a habit in a man." I find that some of the brethren are still writing me on the business of the *HERALD*; whereas due notice was given several times last summer of the termination of my agency, and finally and formally in the *HERALD* of Aug. 27th, I bade "a long farewell to all my greatness." I shall be much pleased to hear from any of my old friends on personal matters, but letters pertaining to the business of the *HERALD* should be addressed to my worthy successor, Rev. E. D. WINSLOW. My own Post-office address will for the present be Boston, as heretofore.

F. RAND.

NOTES.

MORE "FAST RELIGION." — In a Love Feast in the Methodist Church, Pittsfield, Mass., held on Sunday morning last, one hundred and twenty-five persons spoke in thirty minutes, interspersed as usual with here and there a verse of song. The pastor calls this his "IREM" column, and asks us to match it in interest, if we can, with any hour discourse, or any column-and-a-half-editorial ever preached or written! Truly a Methodist Love Feast is a fast institution, and isn't worth much, it must be confessed, if it lack the elements of swiftness and fire.

The South Carolina Republican is a new sheet, right and radical in politics and religion. It will give summaries of our Church movements in that region. It is deserving of patronage.

The Christian Advocate claims to be the oldest Methodist paper. We would ask it to cypher out a little sum. If *The Charleston Advocate* should buy back its right of publication and its title also from its Atlanta purchaser, and revive itself under its old name, which would be the oldest of the papers? *The HERALD* bought back from the Book Concern, to which it had been sold, when *The Advocate* was started, its name and right of publication. Which then is the older journal?

A QUESTION FOR THE WESTERN. — A fine mulatto boy with the honored name of Douglass sought admission into the academy at Belpere, Ohio. He passed a creditable examination, and was admitted by the trustees, but some of the patrons of the school threatened to withdraw their patronage, and his father, for peace' sake, kept his boy out of school. There was not a nicer boy in the place. His parents had furnished

for him a piano and melodeon, and he played and sang well.

This boy was shut out of school by the spirit of caste. Will the Western say if this is right, and if it is not wrong will it condemn the whole spirit out of which it and colored conferences and colored churches grow?

PERSONAL.

The visitors at Hamilton, Yarmouth, and Sterling camp-meetings, will remember the eloquent young sister from South Carolina. She wished to become a little educated if not more, and Emerson Brown, Esq., of Oakdale, offered her a home. She was taken sick almost immediately after she had reached his house, and has been violently and dangerously ill of typhoid fever. She is better, but will be unable to speak much before spring. If any friends of a very superior and worthy lady wish to aid her in getting an education, whatever moneys they choose to send her, care of Br. Brown, will be faithfully employed. He is one of the Board of Direction at Sterling, and one of our most reliable brethren. Help her. Direct to Rosa McPurvis.

Rev. and Hon. B. F. Whittemore, member elect of the House of Representatives from South Carolina, is visiting his friends in this vicinity. He has done good service in that region, and has earned the honors he wears. He is square on the doctrine and practice of one manhood in Church and State, and will do his best to make all others partakers of like precious faith.

Dr. Abel Stevens occupies the Pacific Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, until the ensuing Conference session in April, by reason of the illness of the pastor, Dr. Sewall.

Rev. Samuel Tupper died at Greenfield, Mass., Monday morning.

Rev. Dr. Ryerson, of the Canadian Wesleyan Conference, has recently retired from the office of Chief Superintendent of Education. The *Toronto Christian Guardian* says of him: —

"Dr. Ryerson has produced a system of education for Canada which is appealed to by all European and American authorities. He has devised the best system of popular education in the world. We can say nothing more complimentary to his genius and industry. Through all time the history of Canada will make prominent mention of the name of Dr. Ryerson. No other name has been so much interwoven with the institutions of our country. He has contributed to the future what is the most grand element of all, a great and good system of education for the people of the New Dominion."

Rev. Dr. Henry Cooke, D. D., LL. D., one of the most prominent ministers of the Irish Presbyterian Church and a celebrated controversialist, died on the 13th ult., at the ripe age of 80.

APPROPRIATE. — The portrait of Rev. John Todd, D. D., the great advocate of Liquor License, as the chief ornament of one of the most popular drinking saloons of Pittsfield, Mass.

Gov. Claffin's Inaugural advocates many wise and new things. It is full of the spirit and progress. It advocates putting women on school committees, making the wages of male and female teachers more nearly equal, now the former have nearly three times as much as the latter (\$72 to \$27). Giving Indians the rights of suffrage, the only policy for all the Indian tribes inside the line of our states and territories; developing commerce, improving education and restoring the prohibitory law, with permission to druggists to sell for medicine. He spoke earnestly of the evils of the present law, showed it had already in a single year more than doubled our commercial list. The message omitted woman's ballot, but the woman's rights advocated, will, if successful, insure the adoption of the whole. It was an excellent message, full of sound faith, wisdom and progress.

The first anniversary of the noon-prayer meeting, of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association, was held in the Meionson, on Monday noon, 4th inst, and was well attended. These meetings, beginning one year since, were only intended for the week of prayer of that year, but were so fruitful of good to souls that they were continued, and are now a permanent institution.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

We are receiving excellent lists from every quarter. Let the good work go forward. We have given you what is universally pronounced the handsomest religious paper published in the country. Our friends should and can make it also the most largely circulated. A club of ten is just sent from Pennsylvania. Others come from all parts of the South and West. New England can increase and multiply its subscriptions manifold. Do not let one drop. If any are too poor, get some richer brother to pay it for him. Show it to your neighbors, and get them to have its weekly visits. We shall publish portraits of eminent ministers of all Christian churches. We shall also publish occasionally hymns and tunes, prepared for social meetings. Wm. C. Brown, esq., Professor Tourjee, and other well known musical directors will have charge of this department. It will be what everybody wants.

We intend to make the *HERALD* the most useful, attractive and beautiful paper in the country. Now, brethren, push the canvass. Add fifty per cent. to your list. Every one can do it if he will. See our premiums, they are what everybody needs and wants. A one dollar book of the Book Concern for every new subscriber.

Four new subscribers and ten dollars will get an extra copy free.

See also our other premiums. "Push things."

The Methodist Church.

Information from any of our churches for this department will be gratefully received and acknowledged.

MAINE ITEMS.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE.—There are a few revivals reported in this Conference the present winter, but most of the churches are comparatively quiet. At the Brick Chapel, Bangor, thirty persons have recently been admitted to full membership, as the result of the revival last spring.

Several of our societies are sustaining a course of Popular Lectures, which are proving quite successful. The church at Rockland started a course, but the only hall available for the purpose was recently burned, and it is probable they will have to abandon the undertaking. This society, with their energetic pastor, Bro. Pratt, have finished the exterior of a commodious and beautiful house of worship, but were unable to get it ready for use before the winter came on. They have struggled hard and made great sacrifices, and it is most desirable that they should succeed in finishing and paying for the new structure. If any one thinks a minister's duties are light and easy, it would be well for him to try the experience that Brother Pratt and many others engaged in such enterprises have had, and it would take the conceit out of them.

Our Seminary at Bucksport is enjoying more prosperity than ever before, and is doing noble service for the Church and eastern portion of this State. Brother Crawford, the efficient principal, is an able and popular preacher, and has supplied a neighboring church, and also done good service in the lecture field: but he has been compelled to desist from public speaking on account of an affection of the throat.

The tide of emigration still tends from this Conference towards the West. Prominent laymen are leaving us, and some of the ministers are showing symptoms of the annual fever. Methodism stands with us about where it did twenty years ago, though there have been gracious revivals every year, resulting in large additions. Our ministers are found in almost every Western Conference, and our laymen are scattered to the ends of the earth. Though they are retained to Methodism, it is often discouraging to brethren to toil and sacrifice, and see but little fruit remain to indicate the success of their efforts.

The Temperance men of Maine congratulate Massachusetts in the prospect of a return to wholesome enactments, and the enforcement of laws which shall prohibit the sale of intoxicating drinks. There has been a fearful backsliding in this State, upon this subject, during the past year, and it is feared that the demoralization is so extensive that we shall fail to secure the needed legislation the present winter. The *Maine law* is much better than the *Maine practice* on this question.

KITTERY FORESIDE, ME.—Rev. O. W. Scott writes: "Providence smiled upon the dedication at Kittery Foreside with beautiful sunshine, and fine, bracing air. Thursday morn (Dec. 31st) found several of the clergy there, from the Maine and New Hampshire Conferences, anticipating the day's pleasure. This young society is a scion of the old church, about three miles away. It is emphatically a child of Providence. Situated in the immediate vicinity of the Navy Yard, it is destined, by the grace of God, to wield great influence for good. The brethren here (and sisters also, for they have done a noble work), after a struggle of about one year and a half, united with the untiring efforts of their pastor, Rev. W. H. Pillsbury, are now rewarded, with happy hearts and God's blessing, in a pleasant and commodious house of worship. The structure is of wood, good height, neatly finished, and capable of seating four hundred persons. It cost about \$5,000. The dedicatory services were conducted by the pastor (a graduate of the B. T. Seminary class of 1868), and were opened by an original hymn by the choir. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Warren, of Boston, with further services by Rev. Messrs. Chase, Manson, Wilson, Wight, and Scott. The large audience were treated to an excellent discourse by Rev. Joseph Colby, P. E. of Portland District, from Psalms xcvi. 1: 'The Lord reigneth,' etc. The majesty, power, and universal empire of God were eloquently set forth. We truly felt, 'The Lord, He is God,' and that the uttermost parts of the earth would be given to Christ for His possession. After the services at the church, a bountiful collation was served by the citizens at Armory Hall, to which all were invited. About \$3,000 were realized by the sale of the pews in the p. m. A watch-meeting was held in the evening, when Rev. Dr. Warren preached a powerful sermon from John xiv. 1: 'Ye believe in God,' etc. Later in the evening, Rev. C. E. Hull, of Great Falls, N. H., discoursed excellently from Heb. xii. 25. The meetings were all very successful. The day was one of great rejoicing for the struggling band at Kittery Foreside."

OXFORD CIRCUIT, MAINE.—(From our Regular Correspondent).—The Pine Tree State is doing well in the matter of building and rebuilding churches. A few weeks since a fine new church was dedicated in the village of Welchville, Oxford circuit, Rev. S. Paine, pastor. The sermon of the occasion was by Rev. E. R. Keyes of Chestnut St., Portland, and is spoken of by those who heard it as an able effort. About eight years since a church was dedicated at Oxford village, in the same circuit. Previous to that, the Society had worshipped in an old and uncomfortable "town-house," and in a school-house, and when driven from the latter by sectarian bigotry, had used for a time a small hall. This Society is setting the good example of continuing to occupy in its strength the same ground it covered in its weaker days, avoiding the evil policy of dividing one strong society into two weak ones.

About twenty years since, Rev. C. Stone, of precious memory, was sent to Oxford circuit. Being unmarried he "boarded round," finding, most of the time, however, a congenial home in the family of the late Leonard Caldwell, the brother of Zenas and Shewitt, and like them a devoted and earnest Christian, who has joined them in the better land. He lived, however, to witness the success of the little church for whose prosperity he had so long and so earnestly prayed and labored. At the time of Bro. Stone's pastorate, the Society was so small and poor that he was obliged to eke out his insufficient salary by teaching a district school in the winter months. The circuit has now two very pleasant, commodious, and well-furnished houses of worship, has much increased and continues still to increase in numerical and financial strength, and is now one of the most desirable appointments in the Conference.

The new church so long needed and contemplated at Waterville, seems now in a fair way to be built, as Hon. R. B. Dunn, one of the members, proposes to furnish the amount necessary to build the house, — about \$15,000 — and wait until the Society is able to reimburse him. The house will no doubt be completed within the year.

The church at Kittery Navy Yard is ready, or nearly ready for occupancy, and others in various parts of the State are either finished, in process of erection, or projected.

Reports of revival interest come from various parts of the State, and there is hope that a grand and successful charge will be made along the whole line.

The holidays have been more generally observed than is usual among us, many of the stores as well as many of the churches being decorated, and all the places of business in Portland closed on Christmas day. The watch-meetings at the various Methodist churches in Portland were well attended and well sustained, and were occasions of profit to the churches.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

NASHUA, N. H.—Our correspondent, "G. W. F.," writes: "The Maine Street M. E. Society at Nashua, N. H., had a very pleasant and largely attended gathering in their spacious vestry for the Sabbath-school's benefit, New Year's night. Rev. George Bowles, the pastor, was agreeably surprised by the present of \$75 in greenbacks and other valuable tokens."

VERMONT.

PROCTORVILLE, VERMONT.—Rev. J. S. Little writes: The Church at Proctorsville has been enjoying the smiles of the great Master. A score or more have been converted in town during the autumn and winter. One new class of eighteen members has been formed, and the general interest is seen in the increase of numbers at every service. Merry Christmas has been round, dropping presents here and there. The pastor of the Methodist church in Proctorsville received gifts amounting to over fifty dollars."

HARWICH PORT, Jan. 1.—Rev. W. Ela writes: "The Lord has been reviving his work in this place. Assisted by Bro. Nichols of Boston, we have been holding extra meetings for the past three weeks. As a result, the Church has been greatly revived and more than twenty-five have professed conversion."

SPRINGFIELD DISTRICT ITEMS.

There are no extensive revivals among us at present, but some prosperity. The most prominent interest is in church improvement. At Westfield West Parish a very beautiful church has been recently dedicated to the worship of God, and without debt. During the year they have also purchased a parsonage. Their pastor, the Rev. S. O. Brown, has employed head, heart, and hands in aiding these enterprising brethren in this good work, and deserves much credit.

At Glendale, a neat and convenient little church, costing about \$3,000, was dedicated last Wednesday; 200 were there to hear a very appropriate and able sermon from our much esteemed Presiding Elder, Rev. D. Sherman. We listened with great delight and profit, while he set before us most lucidly and impressively, the office and position of the Church, and the manner of executing that office. The text was Is. xl. 9. I am inclined to present a sketch of it, but the bones would give but a faint idea of its eloquent and thrilling sentiments. Rev. I. M. Haskell, the indefatigable worker, has labored hard for the people of the Glen, and I am expecting to hear of a gracious shower in that region. Lord send it speedily!

As I came down the Connecticut Valley a few days since, I saw that the church at Holyoke had its roof covered. It is a neat, commodious brick structure, but will need enlargement ere long, in that rapidly growing place, destined to be a second Lowell.

Bro. Bigelow moves on quietly like the sun, and churches rise and flourish wherever he goes. How valuable are such men to our Conference, whose motto is improvement, and who never weary in well-doing! In due time they shall have their reward.

Soon our iron steed brought us into the expanding and beautiful city of Springfield, where we have four Methodist churches, all bound to enlarge their borders.

The brethren of the Pyncheon St. Church are building a commodious and substantial sanctuary on Bridge St. It is of brick, the audience room will seat 900, and will cost about \$50,000. The roof is nearly slated, and they expect to complete it during the year.

Bro. Hills, their Pastor, is young in the ministry (this being his second appointment), "but a workman that need not be ashamed," wholly and successfully devoted to his work.

The most important Church enterprise in the district, or in the Conference, is at Wilbraham, where we have some 300 students without suitable church accommodations. For many

years we have suffered seriously, alienating from us a class of minds we cannot afford to lose. How our wise men have allowed this state of things so many years, I cannot divine. The great object of our Seminary is worse than lost till the evil is remedied.

The new church edifice in course of erection is the remedy. It is a Gothic structure of sandstone. Its audience room will seat 650 persons; the chapel across its end, with sliding doors between, will accommodate 350. Both united will hold 1000 on anniversary occasions.

The outside is nearly completed, and we hope to have the inside ready for plastering early in the spring. To finish this durable, commodious, and convenient edifice, we need \$10,000 more. Could the friends of our Seminary see the importance of doing it as speedily as possible, the means would not be delayed.

According to the vote of our last Conference, the accessible churches have been very generally canvassed, and now our large-hearted men and women must come to the rescue. Here is an opportunity to make a profitable investment; to bless succeeding generations of students, and thus make them a blessing to untold millions. Those wanting stock should write to the agent immediately.

The ladies of W. had a very successful Christmas Festival for this object, realizing about \$300. Their part of the work will be promptly and nobly done.

I am sorry to learn that our dear Bro. Tupper of Greenfield is failing, and unable to labor. He has long been a devoted and successful minister among us, and has a large place in the affections and sympathies of his brethren. They will remember him in his affliction, both in their prayers and generous ministrations. "Inasmuch as ye do it unto him, ye do it unto Christ."

PITTSFIELD, MASS.—Troy Conference acting on our suggestion, Dr. Wentworth of Pittsfield held an old-fashioned "Four Days Meeting," beginning December 16th, and reports as the result seventy accessions to the church on the first Sunday in January, and the work still going forward with increasing power.

PROVIDENCE ITEMS.

Watch-night meetings were held in nearly all of our churches. Quite a revival spirit prevails throughout the city. Twenty or thirty cases of inquiry were reported at the Preachers' Meeting, for the past week.

The influence of Rev. Mr. Earle's labors has been excellent upon the people. It is a little pleasant to see our good Congregational and Baptist and Presbyterian brethren regard as new and modern, usages and expedients with which Methodism has been turning the world upside down for a hundred years. Protracted meetings, class-meetings, love-feasts, anxious seats, free-grace, and full salvation are charming the hearts of the people. To God be all the glory.

Rev. A. A. Wright, assisted by Rev. W. M. Bray, has commenced a protracted meeting at Little Compton with promising indications.

We are having a newspaper war of "The Pilgrims;" two panoramas each claiming to be the original and best, advertise themselves and post each other.

The *Golden Hours* wins golden opinions and greenback subscriptions from many. It is just such a Magazine as the Church needs, and if the Publishers will put money upon it, and brains into it, it will be sustained, otherwise it will go down; and it ought to give us something of the same stamp as *The Riverside*, or *Our Young Folks*, and it will command respect and support.

The *Ladies' Repository*, in its new dress, and with its new ornamentations, is more charming than ever before. It deserves to live and be popular.

ZION'S HERALD greets us in its "Happy New Year" beauty. We yield it the palm for convenience, artistic taste, and common sense arrangements. It has no peer in the realm of Newspaperdom in these respects.

OREGON.

Bro. J. S. McCain, of Buena Vista circuit, writes Nov. 30th: We have been holding a series of evening meetings for more than two weeks here at Buena Vista, and the Lord has been with us and poured out his spirit. Eight persons have been converted and the Church has been greatly revived. There is a general deep feeling among the unconverted, and the work is still moving. We have had seven accessions to the Church, all of whom profess faith in Christ. On last Sabbath we organized a Band of Hope here, consisting of 54 members — *Pacific Christian Advocate*.

Gov. Chamberlain in his Maine Message makes some wise and startling statements. The water power of the State is equal to 15,000,000 of men. The children have diminished 20,000 in 8 years. He advocates the restoration of the death penalty, and he urges the support of the Prohibitory Law. It should have the State constabulary to enforce it.

There is a delightful revival of religion in progress in Grace M. E. Church, in this city. During the past week a number have been converted; and meetings are to be held during the present week, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings.

There is to be a grand Musical Concert at Music Hall, embracing the first musical talent of Boston, under the direction of Mr. E. Tourjee, director of the New England Conservatory of Music. It is to be for the benefit of the North End Mission. This is a most worthy object, and should be liberally patronized. Let every lover of first-rate music and first-rate missionary cause be sure and go. Tickets only fifty cents.

The Christian World.

MISSION FIELD.

FEMALE MISSIONARIES. Dr. N. G. Clark, one of the Secretaries of the *American Board*, recently delivered an address on Missions in Chicago, from which we take the following, showing the success of the labors of Christian females in the mission work:—

"Another method of reaching the women has been by sending out single ladies, from this country, to devote themselves specially and exclusively to labors in their behalf. This was begun as early as 1823, when Miss Ogden was sent to the Hawaiian Islands, and Miss Farrar to Bombay. Miss Ogden has now for forty years been engaged in this work. Hundreds of Hawaiian girls have been taught by her the amenities and the courtesies of Christian life. Admiral Du Pont, visiting Honolulu some years since, speaks of meeting Hawaiian ladies, who would grace any society in the world. As early as 1848, thirty-six single ladies were to be found in the different missions of the American Board; twenty-four laboring among the Indians of this continent, and twelve in missions beyond the seas. In the Memorial volume of the American Board, published in 1861, the names of one hundred and forty single ladies are given, who, under the care of the Board, had labored for the social and moral elevation of their sex on mission ground. At the present time, forty-three are thus engaged: seven in Western, four in Central, and eight in Eastern Turkey; three in Syria; four in the Nestorian mission; two in the Zulu; three in Ceylon; four in the Madura mission; one in the Foochow; three in North China; three in the Hawaiian Islands; and one among the North American Indians. Four of these are widows, whose husbands died in the field, while they have remained to finish up their work. Of these Mrs. Bridgman, for many years at Canton, is now at Peking, where, of her own means, for the most part, she supports herself, and sustains an interesting school of girls. Mrs. Rhea, at Groomah, in Persia, and Mrs. Coffey, at Marash, in Central Turkey, have done a great work for the religious education of the girls in their respective fields, laying up for themselves treasures in heaven. And I think of another, in South Africa, whom hundreds of loving hearts call by the endearing name of *mother*. Reared in one of the best families of New York city, with every advantage which wealth and affection could bestow, early engaging in mission schools, where, it is said, her place has never been supplied, she devoted herself to the missionary work in Africa, against the remonstrances of friends and acquaintance. 'Why will you throw yourself away on the wretched Hottentots,—you, Kitty Parker, with all the refinement and grace of the best culture? Why will you do so foolish a thing?' She went, and finds no accomplishment lost in winning even Zulus to Christ. Within two years she buried her husband beside the path leading to the chapel, where he hoped to preach Christ; she buried her little one beside him, and stayed on to finish her work. Four hundred men and women gathered out from their wretched kraals, and taught to read and write, and to know something of the usages of Christian life; and a large number enrolled as members of the church; these are some of the fruits of her toil,—the seeds of the Master's blessing. Do you wonder they call her *mother*? It is such love that wins. It is through the heart that Mrs. Lloyd makes her conquests for Christ. The more grace and beauty of personal character, the more perfect the woman,—the better the missionary, the greater her influence."

IMPORTANCE OF CONVERTING THE WOMEN OF INDIA. "Carleton," in one of his recent letters to *The Boston Journal*, says:—

"Raise the women of India, and you lift 200,000,000 from gross idolatry. This is a mighty moral leverage, with results immeasurable in the future. It was the mothers of America who fought the late war through to its glorious end. It is the mothers of India who keep the idols on their pedestals."

SPAIN. Wonderfully has God opened the way in this country for the Gospel. Isabella the Second,—properly *Jesabel* the Second,—is a fugitive in France, and a provisional government is instituted, providing liberty, civil and religious. Religious persecutions have ceased. A missionary writes:—

"I am free; I teach publicly now; not, as before, with closed doors, for fear of the police. I have just distributed 200 Bibles and tracts. I hope soon to be able to reopen my school." And while this is happening at Malaga, what is passing at Seville—at Seville, the seat of the Inquisition, of the new dogma of the Immaculate Conception, the place where more martyrs shed their blood for the Word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ, than in all the other towns of Spain put together? The Queen fled from Spain on the 29th September, and on the 2d October, at the petition of a British merchant, the Revolutionary Junta granted permission to establish a Protestant chapel, where religious worship can be conducted without let or hindrance."

A converted Spaniard writes as follows. Shall he plead for help in vain?

"Let us give thanks to the Almighty for His infinite goodness. The Lord has heard the incessant prayers of His children, blessed be His holy name. And now we have a wide field in which to work, and in the light of day. The Lord is with us, and cries 'Forward!' for not yet can we cry 'Victory!' We want thousands of books, and this is the day of opportunity; perhaps by and by it may not be so favorable. Last Sunday our service, at which some thirty assisted, was conducted by a Spanish pastor. The door is now opened to give the Gospel to twenty millions of people; and what will Christians do? Where are the laborers? not men who will preach their special hobby to the Spaniards; not men who will disgust them with unseasonably controversy; not those who will insult them by coarsely trampling on what the poor Spaniards have been taught to venerate; but Christian men, full of the Holy Ghost and of wisdom, full of faith and power, full of meekness and patience—men who will preach not themselves, not their sect, but Jesus Christ and His blessed Gospel. Where are such? God send them to the rescue."

THE MORNING STAR. This vessel, lately returned to Honolulu from Marquesas, whither she sailed last March, brings back the delegate, the Rev. L. Smith, D. D., who reports most favorably respecting the prospects and prosperity of the Hawaiian missionaries:—

"During the past year six new church buildings have been erected, and about fifty united with the several mission churches. The missionary families were all well. The vessel had a long passage to the islands of thirty-six days, but returned in only eleven and a half days. Eight ordained Hawaiian ministers have offered themselves to go to the Micronesia Mission by the next trip of the *Morning Star*."

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

PRESBYTERIAN.

BEACH STREET CHURCH, BOSTON. Rev. J. B. Dunn, pastor, writes: "We received into the church (Beach Street), Jan. 3, 42—23 by letter, 19 on profession—and the good work goes forward. The income from pew rents has quadrupled within the last three months. It is difficult now to secure a pew."

NEWBURYPORT, MASS. The second attempt to burn the Harris Street Presbyterian Church of this place, was recently made.

The heirs of the late Rev. Dr. Krebs, of New York, have presented his large and valuable library to Princeton Theological Seminary, of which he was a graduate, and a life-long and devoted friend, as well as a Director for a quarter of a century. Rev. Dr. Sprague has also made another valuable addition to the Library by the gift of a collection of pamphlets on the Unitarian controversy, which he has for many years been engaged in making.

BAPTIST.

SOCIAL REUNION AT TWELFTH BAPTIST (REV. MR. GRIMES'S) CHURCH. The members of the church and congregation of this Society celebrated the 22d anniversary of its founding at their house of worship, Phillips Street, Wednesday evening. Remarks were made by J. C. Dunlop, J. T. Sydney, Wm. Wells Brown, and George L. Ruffin. Miss Mahoney, in behalf of the Church, in a very neat and appropriate address, presented the pastor, Rev. Mr. Grimes, with a valuable fur collar and riding blanket. Afterwards, a bountiful collation was served, which seemed to give entire satisfaction to the large company present.

On a recent Sunday afternoon, Mr. Coffey attended the First Baptist Church at Troy, N. Y., whose pastor, Rev. Dr. Baldwin, is an old friend. At the conclusion of the sermon, Dr. Baldwin introduced the Vice-President to the congregation, and Mr. Coffey gave some appropriate advice to the young men present, urging the importance of walking in the fear of God, and pursuing a life of strict integrity, under all circumstances. The speaker bore testimony to the satisfaction and delight of pursuing a "Christian walk and conversation," and eloquently referred to the necessity of proper religious instruction.

CONGREGATIONALIST.

FREE SEATS. The Society of the Old South Church, Boston, have thrown open to the public all the pews in their gallery. It's high time. It holds property in that city valued at \$600,000, aside from the Church edifice.

ONE SERMON. The Church at Woodstock, Vt., has voted to have but one sermon on the Sabbath, and that in the forenoon.

MINNESOTA. The Minutes of the General Conference of Minnesota report 70 churches, with 65 ministers, 6 of whom are pastors, and 39 acting pastors; total membership, 2,865; added during the year, 406; whole number in Sabbath-schools, 3,820; amount of benevolent contributions, \$3,004.16.

MISSOURI. The Minutes of the General Association of Missouri report 47 churches, of which 6 were added during the year; ministers 38, only 6 of whom are settled pastors; entire membership, 1,301, of whom 482 were added during the year, making a net gain of 217.

In August last, a new Congregational Society was organized in the Tower Hill District, Lynn, where preaching had been sustained some years by the liberality of members of the First and Central Churches. The organization of the new Society has developed a remarkable increase of interest among the inhabitants of the district, and they have raised among themselves three times as much for the support of a pastor as in any previous year.

EPISCOPAL.

RESTORATION OF BUNYAN'S PARISH CHURCH. The Rev. James Copner, Vicar of Elstow, and two of his church-wardens, sent a letter to *The New York Tribune*, in reference to the contemplated restoration of the parish church of Elstow, Bunyan's native village. It will be remembered that it was the authorities of the "Establishment," who imprisoned the poor dissenting pilgrim for twelve years in Bedford jail. It looks queer to see the same "Establishment" inaugurating the present design:—

"The village of Elstow having been the birthplace and home of John Bunyan, it is proposed that the ancient parish church (a grand and massive structure, and the only church in the place) should be thoroughly and suitably restored, and thus made a fitting monument to his memory. This proposal, if taken up as heartily as it deserves to be, by Christians of our own and other countries, will speedily be brought to a successful issue. To carry out the work, however, some thousands of pounds will be required; and believing that 'The Pilgrim's Progress' is as much valued in America as in the old country, we venture to appeal, through you, to our transatlantic brethren to take part in the monument. We feel confident that there are very many in America who will gladly contribute a donation, to do honor to the name of Bunyan. In carrying out the necessary repairs, and the restoration of the Church, we pledge ourselves that the utmost care shall be taken to make it, as completely as possible, a suitable memorial to Bunyan. Donations will be received by Messrs. Maitland, Phelps & Co., Bankers, New York, or may be remitted to Messrs. Smith, Payne & Smith, Bankers, London, to the account of the 'Elstow Bunyan Memorial Fund.' We are, sir, your obedient servants."

MISCELLANEOUS.

RELIGIOUS DESTITUTION ON THE PACIFIC COAST. In the report of the remarks of Rev. Mr. Buckbee, at the recent meeting of the Bible Union in New York, *The New York Times* says:—

"Mr. Buckbee spoke of the great religious destitution of the Pacific Coast. As an instance, he stated that the number of Baptist Churches in California is only about fifty, and only half of these are supplied with the stated preaching of the Gospel. Not more than ten or twelve Churches sustain their pastors in their work. Twenty-six counties, embracing a population of 140,000 souls, and covering an area 30 square miles larger than all the States of New England, New York and New Jersey, have neither a Baptist preacher, nor a Baptist Church."

THE POPE AND THE SULTAN. The Roman correspondent of *The Pall Mall Gazette* says:—

"Foad Pasha, who was lately given over by his physicians, has now so far recovered his health that he has been able to pay a visit to the Pope. He was received by the Holy Father in the most cordial manner, and they soon chatted as familiar friends; while the Turk was profuse in his expressions of gratitude for the attentions paid to him by the Pope during his illness. The Holy Father, on his part, described the Sultan as his 'meilleur ami' among the sovereigns of Europe, and spoke gratefully of the toleration he extended to Roman Catholics, not forgetting to add that he hoped His Highness would grant them further privileges. Foad Pasha remarked that the Sultan deeply regretted he had been unable to visit Rome on his late tour through Europe, when the Pope rejoined, with a laugh, 'Who knows but I shall go to see him at Constantinople? You are not ignorant that Christ has given me all the earth, and my empire extends to the Dardanelles, and far beyond, but, unlike that of a neighbor monarch, threatens no dangers to the Sultan. Indeed, His Highness and myself are in much the same situation as to neighbors; for he has his Piedmont in Russia, and I have my Car in the Italian Revolution. We are menaced by the same dangers, and our brother rulers have the same measure for the Cross as the Crescent. At least your Sovereign believes in His Prophet, but the other governments of our day do not believe even in God.'"

Our Social Meeting.

A little late is this talk but it will hardly want to wait a year. So we give it space now. It is on

CHRISTMAS AT SEABROOK, N. H.

Christmas Eve! What precious memories cluster round it! What a wonderful life filled the form of the Babe it commemorates! What an amazing purpose developed itself in His brief human existence! What a roll of promises, predictions, prophecies, hopes, and anticipations the birth fulfilled and met! The dawning of a model life and a model character whose close was stainless, though tempted in all points as we are. The alpha of a teaching and work whose source was divine, and whose omega is the fruitage of eternal blessedness for every heart in which it lives as the hope of glory!

"The eve of thy birth, our Redeemer and King!
What tribute of love hath my spirit to bring?
What gift to my God, from its treasures within,
Who came for my safety, to die for my sin?"

It was a splendid evening, with a cloudless sky, and a brilliant moon, with a brighter disk, seemingly, than her wont, surrounded with a host of twinkling glowing stars, as if angelic agencies had been commissioned to ornament and enrich the floor of heaven,—their fair, unfathomable beauty mingling in the heavens, as if uniting to become a tangible presence, like the glories of the heavenly choristers when the echoes of their song waved around the shepherds and through the vales of Palestine. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men." The breath of the northwest was cold, it is true, sending down the mercury hastily towards zero; but its iciness could not keep the little folks nor the large folks at home, and they came by scores to participate in the religious, and gift-bestowing joyousness of the anniversary. And the house was filled with a generous-hearted people. The singing of appropriate hymns, reading appropriate Scriptures, and prayer, were followed by remarks and declamations. Then came the distribution of gifts, to the members of the Sabbath-school.

Santa Claus had loaded the evergreen branches of the Christmas tree with a rich variety of useful, pretty, fanciful, and pleasing things.

If Santa Claus would make his selections of gifts with little more of a Christian taste and for a Christian purpose, and not so much for mirth and fun, it would be, perhaps, better for all concerned. But as it is, we would rather he would come with all his whims and oddities and pleasant fun, than not come at all; and he or she is a sinner, who would darken the fairy-faith of childhood, and deserves to live where there are no children. On such occasions, be a child again, and take whatever gift Santa Claus may leave for you from his pack of good things and pretty, "asking no questions for conscience' sake."

We have no fault to find with popery for changing the pagan "Festival of the Sun" into a commemoration of the earthly birth of the "Sun of Righteousness," and baptizing it as the anniversary of the natal day of Him who is called "Jesus." And we have no fault to find, either, with it for grafting on it the generous, loving, good-natured old bishop, Santa Nicolaus. He is a genuine Catholic. He gives to heretics as well as to believers, and all love him, and all welcome his coming. Blessings on the old saint! Plant then, the Christmas tree! Up with the little stockings! Let the manger brighten in the glories of the new made star, as it "stood over where the young child was." Let the cross blossom with divine love in the midst of the darkness which wrapped the descent of the heavenly Babe's manhood into death. Let the tomb fill with angelic life, as its stone rolls away, and the empty niche and the scattered grave-clothes whisper to the lookers-in, "He is not here, but is risen." Let every home be happy—let every happy home be made happier by the dropping of gifts of love and good-will and peace into the laps of all, and the awaking of thoughts and gratitude and love for the "unspeakable gift" of the Father's "good-will to man," who is "altogether lovely," and "the chiefest among ten thousand."

"And when Christmas returns with its anthem of praise,
And we number our sorrows and number our days,
Let the heart look to heaven, whence angels did bring
The news of the birth of our Saviour and King.
Our homes be His altar, our jewels His care!
Let Him bless with His love the dear hearts that are there,
Until all, as His children, united, shall cling
To the foot of His cross, our Redeemer and King."

"H. B. H." submits some pleasant verses on

THE HOPE SET BEFORE US.

Life hath many times, when shadows
O'er our pathway darkly bend;
And full oft, our brightest morning,
In the blackest night hath end.
But we know a glorious dawning
Soon shall follow earth's brief night,
With no cloud to dim its radiance,
For the Lamb shall be its light.

Life hath times when feet grow weary
Of the toilsome, rugged way;
But how sweet the angel whisper,
"God shall be thy staff and stay."
Trust we, then, His hand to guide us,
Though by sorrow oft oppressed,
To that house of many mansions,
Where His weary ones shall rest.

Near the stream of living water,
Mid sweet flowers no frost may blight,
'Neath the "Life Tree," never fading,
We shall walk with Him in white;
Free from every stain of earth-life,
Mid those pure delights to roam;
Blest shall be our glad reunion
When we all are "gathered home."

Dr. Chenery submits the following:—

Dr. D. B. Hoffman states in *The Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal* for June, 1868, that a large proportion of the young men in California are bald-headed, and have gray hair, which is not the case with females. This he is inclined to attribute to the excessive use of tobacco by the men. In support of this view he relates the case of one of his patients, under forty years of age, who had been in the habit of using tobacco to excess, and had been, for five or six years, both bald-headed and gray-haired. With great resolution he abandoned the use of tobacco; the result was that he entirely recovered

his health, which had been bad; his whole head had become covered with a luxuriant growth of fine black hair, and he lost the sallow, beeswax hue of skin so common in those who use tobacco to excess.

An "Old Subscriber" asks the following question:—

"If a church should get into difficulties and commence a work of excommunicating those who 'trouble Israel,' and if a portion of such church, being under discipline, and during its progress, should go off in a body and constitute themselves into a Methodist Church, could any of those bolters, according to Methodist usages, twenty-five years after, bar the admission into said church of one excommunicated during said difficulties, provided he should go into a class as a probationer, complying with all rules and regulations for six months or one year even?"

"Will THE HERALD answer, and save many?"

The Church has power to refuse admission to any candidate. At least such would be implied by the question which the minister asks, as to whether any object to the candidate's admission. If he is on probation, he would have, in justice, a right to trial on the complaint of those objecting. It would seem right that all who join on probation should have a right to ultimate admission if they are acceptable, and to a trial if objectionable. Yet this power has been retained by the Church to decline admitting them without cause shown. The Discipline is not explicit upon these points, and the attention directed to it by our venerable brother may lead to a more thorough statement of the relations, rights, and obligations of probationers.

Mrs. L. A. Flagg, of Pawtucket, R. I., offers these views as a good story and application:—

THE TRUE SACRIFICE.

A poor penitent Israelite came up to worship before the Lord. He had just risen from a sick bed, where he had lingered for many months, longing and fainting for the courts of the Lord. He could scarcely sustain his feeble limbs, but he came with the people to witness the morning sacrifice. He heard those delightful words, "Thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it; thou delightest not in burnt offerings; the sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart thou wilt not despise." They were like a cordial to his sinking spirit.

The service was finished. One after another brought his sacrifice, and was accepted and dismissed, but the penitent had none. At length he drew near, and prostrated himself before the priest. "What wilt thou, my son?" said the venerable man. "Hast thou an offering?" "No, my father. Last night a poor widow and her children came to me, and I had nothing to give her but the two young pigeons which were ready for the sacrifice." "Bring then an ephah of fine flour." "Nay, my father, but this day my sickness and poverty has left only enough for my starving children, and I have not even one ephah of flour." "Why then art thou come to me, my son?" "I heard them sing, 'The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit.' Will he not accept mine? God be merciful to me a sinner!"

The old priest was melted, and the tear started in his eye as he lifted the feeble man from the ground, and said, "Blessed be thou, my son; thy offering is accepted. It is better than thousands of rivers of oil. Jehovah make His face to shine upon thee, and give thee peace."

MORAL. How prone are we to reckon our sacrifices by the hours they consume, or the money they cost, or the loss and inconvenience, and even suffering they cause in our families. How false this standard. In the books of heaven they are reckoned by the spirit with which they are given.

The Farm and Garden.

Prepared for ZION'S HERALD, by JAMES F. C. HYDE.
Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address its Editor, care of ZION'S HERALD.

TURNIPS FOR MILCH COWS.

The question has repeatedly been asked, can turnips be fed to cows giving milk, and not have the milk flavored with the taste of the turnip; and if so, in what way can it be done? Many ways have been recommended for preparing the turnip by cutting it, and mixing salt and meal and other things with them, and feeding them in different ways, and at different times of the day. Yet in my experience I have found all these recommendations superfluous and unnecessary. For more than twenty-five years I have raised turnips every year, and fed them to cows giving milk, as well as all other kinds of cattle which I have kept, and sheep, and the only preparation I ever gave the turnip before feeding it, was to have them as free from dirt as possible. I slice them fine enough so that the stock that I am feeding them to can eat them readily, and feed them raw. I have always boiled turnips with potatoes and other roots when I fed them to hogs. In feeding turnips to cows giving milk, my practice has been to let the cows eat their turnips while they were being milked. The quantity usually given for a meal, is half a bushel once a day, and fed in the morning. With this method of feeding, no one who has used the milk, cream or butter could detect any flavor about it. The kinds of turnips which I raise, are principally the different varieties of the Swedes and French, though I have raised the different kinds of English and Dutch turnips to some extent; yet in feeding the different kinds to my cows, no different results were noticed. In the many instances which have come under my observation, of other persons who have fed turnips to their cows giving milk, in the way which I have fed them, their experience has been similar to mine.

I think that much of the prejudice which exists against feeding cows turnips, by many persons, arises from their cows having been fed, or allowed to eat freely of the turnip tops or leaves, and they have supposed that because the milk and butter smelt and tasted so strong after eating the tops, that it must necessarily be so after eating the roots. This is not strange, though it is a mistaken idea. One full feed of turnip tops given to a cow is sufficient to impart the turnip flavor to her milk, and whenever the cows are allowed to go on the turnip fields, after the turnips are harvested, and eat freely of the tops, though in connection with other feed at the time, just so long will the milk partake of the turnip flavor, and the longer the tops remain in the field before they are eaten, the worse will be the flavor of the milk. For this reason, I should

never allow cows to eat freely of turnip tops; but if desirable, they can be fed in small quantities daily, with other food, without materially hurting the milk.

It is claimed by some persons, that the turnip flavor, as well as that of all others, can be removed from the milk, and my own experience sustains the fact to some extent; but I should much prefer not to have the unpleasant flavor in the milk at all. The remedy is this: After the milk is strained into the pans, pour into the pans enough boiling water to cause the milk to steam freely; and the theory is, that the unpleasant flavor in the milk will pass off in the steam. Whether this theory is correct or not, I leave for others to decide, but I know that the flavor of the butter made from milk treated in this way is much superior to that made from milk without being steamed, whenever there is any unpleasant flavor in it arising from the food which the cows have eaten. — *Rural American*.

Horse-Radish. This is a very valuable plant; and yet its cultivation has been very much neglected. A few plants may be found about the garden of almost every old homestead, receiving no notice except when some of it is wanted for the table. It will grow in any good soil, but prefers one that is moist and rich. It is very easily propagated from pieces of roots, planted in rows, and covered five or six inches deep. If the land has been well prepared, after the second year's growth it will be fit for use. The large, straight, smooth roots are more valuable for the market, as there is less waste in grating it. The time for using it is during the winter and early spring months; and it should be taken up in November, placed in the cellar, and covered with earth to keep it moist, and prevent it from shriveling. It is said to possess healthful qualities, which, added to its agreeable flavor, when eaten in limited quantities with meats, all render it very desirable. Every owner of a garden should be sure and raise enough of it for family use. — *Tilton's Journal*.

The Lady of the Lake is the name of a new strawberry which was raised in 1862, by the late John C. Scott, of Brighton, Mass., the originator of the Brighton Pine. It is from a cross between the Prince Albert and the Brighton Pine, and is a very hardy and productive variety. Sixteen hundred quarts have been raised on one-fourth of an acre. It is a pistillate strawberry, and should have some staminate variety planted near it, or the crop will not be satisfactory.

A New Fertilizer for Grapes. The *California Farmer* says, "Some two years since, we spoke of a system practiced by some scientific growers, of enriching their vineyards by cutting into fine bits the spring-prunings, and ploughing in the same, thus returning the needed material for maturing the vine."

"We have seen this experiment carefully and successfully tried, and have seen its good results; which is the keeping the soil light and porous, and giving to the vineyard a wholesome look and a heavy crop."

"We hope those vine-growers that have been in the habit of burning up their grape-wood, or carting it off, will hereafter chop up the wood finely, and plough it in deeply, and they will find their vineyards very greatly benefited thereby." — *Tilton's Journal of Horticulture*.

Thomas F. Pullen, N. J., says in *The Journal of Horticulture* that he approves of winter pruning of fruit trees. He says, however, that when large limbs two inches or more in diameter are to be removed, a safe plan is to saw off within eight or ten inches of the desired place, and leave the spur to be removed in the June or July following.

The *Germanen Telegraph* says that the subject of cultivating orchards continues to occupy the attention of fruit growers. The editor inclines to the opinion that young apple or peach orchards may be cultivated with safety for three or four years after the trees have been planted, the least exhausting vegetables being grown.

Hygiene.

THE SENSE OF SMELL A GUARDIAN ANGEL.

We have seen that the senses, unperverted, direct us to wholesome food, and enable us to enjoy best that which is best for us, and, on the other hand, discover and defend us from that which is unwholesome or poisonous. For example: Good, well-cooked fish, while it is fresh and wholesome, is invited and urged upon us by these senses; but let it remain but for a single hour in a hot sun, and they will inform us distinctly that it has become disorganized and unfit for digestion; and while unperverted they will thus always prove guardian angels to the system.

If poisonous, carburetted hydrogen gas escapes from our fixtures, even to the smallest extent, how soon do our olfactory nerves detect it, and warn us of its danger! If a drain gets obstructed, and its contents flow back into our cellar walls, sending its death-dealing gases into our apartments, how kindly and quickly we are informed of the danger by the sense of smell.

If our cellars are damp and unventilated, and the fever and dysentery-producing mould gathers on the walls and furniture, our olfactory nerves never fail to warn us to ventilate and remove the cause of dampness, or we shall be sure to be sick and lose our children.

From such facts it is fair, and certainly safe, to infer that every offensive smell is an angel of mercy, warning us to remove or avoid some evil influence connected with it, and inducing to cleanliness of our person, and care of our premises, that we may avoid the evils that are sure to follow any neglect of such warnings. The importance of this subject warrants some further illustrations and facts, which go to show the importance of obeying the warning of the sense of smell, as in the cases above referred to. — *From How Not to be Sick*.

THE IMPORTANCE OF OBEYING THE WARNINGS OF THE SENSE OF SMELL.

From disregard to the testimony of this sense many a man has been made sick by eating fish, or other food that has become poisonous by the commencement of putrefaction and disorganization. And many a household have suffered in health, and have even been suffocated, by allowing gas to escape into their houses and sleeping-rooms. And the importance of neglecting obstructed drains and mouldy cellars is still greater, as is shown by the following facts:—

Some years since, a neglected drain, connected with a hotel in Washington, caused a terrible sickness, that prostrated for weeks some scores of the Congressmen and most valuable citizens, and, after a lingering sickness, the death of seven or eight, at least. And a similar cause, in a popular ladies' school in Pittsfield, induced severe and protracted sickness in many

of the ladies, and the death of some, and for a time broke up the establishment.

Mould, however induced, — whether eaten in cheese, or mouldy bread, or other food, or breathed in the infinitesimal spora that are diffused from it in the atmosphere, — seems to be the source of a great variety of very serious diseases. One variety, which is found in the hold of damp and badly-ventilated ships, is proved to be the cause of ship fever, which is often very fatal.

Another variety, which is found in some localities, formed on newly-stirred earth, is the cause of fever and ague; and in one place at one time, in Western Pennsylvania, every man who worked in digging a canal was affected with it, and most of the inhabitants who lived in the vicinity, on low grounds, were also affected; but above a certain elevation all escaped; and on examination with a microscope, spora from mould on the recently-made banks, too fine to be seen by the naked eye, were found floating in the damp evening air in every house where those slept who were taken with the fever, but none in the houses on a higher level, where there were no cases of fever.

Other varieties of mould, in cellars and damp places, are believed to be the cause of typhoid fever, endemic dysentery, and many other diseases whose origin cannot otherwise be accounted for. These facts should make us afraid of all moulds, and, indeed, of all decomposed and decomposing materials, whether in the food we eat, or in our dwellings, or even in our vicinity, where they can impart to the air a deleterious influence.

As corroborating this view of the case, it is a significant fact that in New Orleans, with more people in it than usual, for five summers, while the houses and streets were kept clean and clear from all decomposing substances, not a case of yellow fever occurred — an exemption never before known; and this, indeed, is almost proof positive that yellow fever is caused by mould, or at least by decomposition, with which mould is always associated. — *Ibid*.

The Righteous Dead.

Sister OLIVE M., daughter of Dr. Asa Heath, died in Freeport, Me., Oct. 14, aged 20 years.

Sister Heath was a young lady of much promise, a member of the Park Street M. E. Church, in this city. Her Christian character was above reproach, and adorned by a bright Christian example, that gave her great influence with all who knew her. Her sickness was typhoid fever, — short, but very distressing, — yet she was all ready for her exit, and her last utterance was, "I am happy." Her seat in the house of God, the prayer and class meeting, were seldom vacant; and although, from the nature of her disease, she was not permitted to express her joys and prospects, yet none that knew her, doubted that for her to live was Christ, and to die was gain. Lewiston, Dec. 23. E. MARTIN.

Widow S. R. NELSON died in Southport, Me., Aug. 18, 1868, aged 98 years. Sister Nelson experienced religion in 1800 — the year her husband died. She lived a consistent Christian until she was called home. THOMAS COOKSON.

In Milan, N. H., Sept. 10, Mrs. JOHN MASSURE, aged 73 years. For more than forty years his house was a home for Methodist itinerants, and Christian friends. As a class leader, he was exemplary and earnest; as a steward, faithful. A consolation to surviving friends was the clear testimony given by him during the week of painful sickness which terminated his earthly career. G. C. NOTES.

Widow M. A. B. PIERCE died in Southport, July 13, 1868, aged 55 years, 3 months, 13 days.

Sister Pierce experienced religion in 1830, under the labors of E. B. Fletcher. Sister Pierce had been a consistent Christian, and member of the M. E. Church, for nearly thirty-eight years; but her faith was unwavering, her hold on Jesus unyielding, and her end peace. THOMAS COOKSON.

Mrs. S. M. RAND died in Southport, Aug. 4, 1868, aged 33 years and 10 months. Sister Rand had been a member of our Church for ten years, and died in faith, and is gone up on high. T. C.

MARY D. BROWN, wife of George Brown, of Freeport, Mass., died in City Hospital, Boston, Nov. 14, 1868, of gangrene on the lungs, in the 32d year of her age. Sister Brown was converted at the early age of 11, and was baptized when 13 years of age, at Wheeling, Ill. She afterwards removed to Fall River, Mass., and united with the M. E. Church, at Steep Brook, Feb. 21, 1863. Sister B. has been a consistent Christian, a loving companion, a kind and affectionate mother. Her sufferings were short, but very severe; yet through all, she triumphed in Jesus. She died among strangers, yet with a full assurance of a glorious immortality. She has left a husband and three little children to mourn their loss, her gain. J. Q. A.

Mrs. ISABELLA HODGKINS died in Gloucester, Mass., Dec. 30, 1868, aged 60 years.

For about half a century, Mother Hodgkins has been living a Bible Christian. Amid the cares of ten children, to read a chapter in her Bible was the first and last duty of each day. Her long life was a beautiful illustration of all the Christian graces. Patiently she waited till the dawn of her appointed Sabbath; that Sabbath ne'er shall end. Her memory is like precious ointment poured forth.

JENNERS HAWKINS departed this life in Haverhill, Mass., Sept. 14, 1868, aged 65 years and 7 months.

Bro. Hawkins experienced religion, and united with the M. E. Church, in 1837, under the labors of Rev. James M. Cain. Bro. H. was an active, zealous and faithful Christian. He liberally supported the Gospel, and all the benevolent institutions of the Church. During the last fifteen years of his life he was a great sufferer, but bore his sufferings with Christian patience. He exercised strong faith in God, and experienced almost constant peace and joy. He died in the full triumph of the Gospel. E. A. SMITH.

ELIZA GOWEN died in Orono, Me., Dec. 13, aged 56 years.

Sister Gowen joined the M. E. Church, in the year 1838. She suffered intensely during the last year of her life, but with great patience. When dying, though the powers of speech had failed, she gave evidence, by unmistakable signs, that all was well. J. W. D.

Orono, Me., Dec. 23, 1868.

Died in Saco, Me., Oct. 2d, 1868, of paralysis, Mrs. EDNAH LORD, widow of the late Abraham Lord, of Kennebunkport, aged 69. Sister Lord was the daughter of the late Rev. Timothy Walcott, whose aged widow still survives. The little Church at Kennebunkport Centre has for many years enjoyed her prayers and aid, as well as name in their ranks; and all the ministry laboring there have oft shared in her hospitality and material support. Her death was sudden; but having lived "the life of the righteous, her last end must be like theirs." So may her kindred, and the Church remaining, live and die well. D. W. BARBER.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Gold on Monday 136½.

Rev. W. H. Starr gratefully acknowledges \$54.00, in cash and other valuable gifts, received by himself and wife as a Christmas offering from the members of his charge in Nantucket.

Truman Carter, H. H. Clark, Wm. T. Clark, A. Colony
J. W. Crosby, J. Collins, J. O. Clay, T. J. Carpenter
J. W. Collins, B. C. Collins, L. J. Felt, J. H. Felt
Chaplin, N. Culver, N. L. Chase, C. Cobb, O. Call
Chas H Chase, A. Church, Robert Clark, W. A. Clapp
John Currier, Mrs S. Corbin, S. M. Cullin, F. A. Crahn
N. Critchett, W. O. Cady, S. A. Coby, L. P. Cushman, L.
S. Cushman, E. Catter, J. M. Carroll, Geo. M. Carpenter
L. F. Canney, S. Cady, S. F. Cushman, G. T. Cobb, H. P.
Cushing, W. E. Charles, C. A. Carter, H. B. Collins, J.
Cooper, C. S. Oulitz, J. Candlin, Ois Cois, R. Clark, W.
H. Cook

C. W. Willard, A. H. Witham, N. Webb, S. F. Wetherbee, Mrs. L. Weatherhead, S. B. Whipple, J. M. Woodbury, True Whittier, W. H. Winslow, D. J. Smith, W. H. Wardell, S. A. Winsor, J. Warreu, E. Wentworth, E. Warner, S. W. Westgate, J. B. Warthan, J. Vovel, T. Warren, J. W. Witham, S. J. Wetherbee, C. W. Wilder, J. Wagner, E. P. Walton, R. H. Wilder, C. A. Whitney, G. Whitaker, J. M. Willets, F. S. Walker, E. R. Wilkins, C. White, G. Wingate, G. G. Winslow, J. W. Willetta.

E. P. Adams—E. M. Anthony—F. P. Adams—S. S. Allen
—B. S. Arey—T. F. Allen—T. A. Avery—A. Brickett—
S. H. Brail—M. R. Barney—F. N. Billington—I. G. Bid-
well—E. Benton—G. H. Blackford—L. Burnapah—E. B.
Calkins—J. C. Callahan—W. E. Bailey—H. B. Canby—
—S. Beedle—W. E. Bennett—A. Boothby—A. Baylies—
—C. H. Buck—E. B. Bradford—D. C. Babcock—G. W.
Ballou—J. E. Baxter—J. D. Becman—J. W. Benin—
—R. C. Baker—J. R. Barker—J. L. Barker—J. B. Barlow—
E. H. Cochran—M. Clark—J. J. Clark—N. J. Copeland—
A. Church—Mrs. S. H. Corel—M. T. Cilley—
Hiram Chase—L. P. Causey—L. W. Corgehall—W. H.
Cook—R. Clark—A. Cathbert—O. M. Coitens—G. W.
Conover—Jr.—J. C. Conner—J. C. Cook—J. C. Cook—
Warrier—P. J. Carlton—H. Chryste—Carlton & Lan-
shan—2—R. Dearborn—H. G. Day—2—A. C. Davenport—
—E. Davies—J. N. Dean—E. M. Dinmore—1. Downing—
—R. S. Dixon—Wm. Deering—G. F. Eaton—D. H. Elmer—
Frohook—P. L. Flood—J. S. Fish—L. P. Frost—James
Frankland—J. Fletcher—H. C. Gardner—J. B. Gould—
A. C. Godfrey—N. D. George—S. Green—E. L. Hyde—
—J. Holman—C. E. Hall—J. H. Holman—J. H. Holman—
—A. C. Heath—J. H. H. Hewitt—R. W. Harlow—S. Huntington—
A. J. Hall—A. H. Honsinger—F. S. Heath—J. E. Hawkins—
F. Howland—L. Howard—P. H. Hines—J. H. Hines—
O. H. Jones—C. T. Johnson—Wm. Johnson—Wm. S. Jones—
Geo. Johnson—E. K. Jenniss—E. H. Kostra—S. G. Kellogg—
2—D. C. Knowles—C. A. King—W. Keller—M. V. B. Knox—
F. Y. Kidder—H. K. Kinnear—G. G. Kinnear—A. T. Lovett—
F. M. Miller—J. M. Merrick—L. Merrill—C. W. Morse—
P. Merrill—J. H. Mansfield—G. H. Miner—2—T. Macomber—
H. A. Matteson—W. W. Marsh—J. W. McIlwain—A. Morse—
Wm. Maynard—Madelie—T. C. Moore—W. W. Morry—C. Mason—
E. Martin—C. Naason—2—N. Howard—Geo. W. Norris—C. M. Nash—
H. H. Otis—E. Pettengill—J. O. Peck—L. W. Pond—C. A. Plummer—
J. Peterson—J. Perry—J. Perry—J. Perry—J. Perry—J. Perry—
Parson—N. P. Philbrook—2—A. W. Paige—J. C. Perry—
H. Pickard—L. Pierce—G. R. Palmer—A. L. Pratt—T. Quimby—
M. W. Robinson—F. H. Roberts—W. C. Robinson—Wm. Reed—
J. B. Rogers—C. Sawyer—H. Shuman—E. J. Stephens—E. S. Snow—R. S. Stubbs—
C. Stone—J. Snow—N. F. Stevens—C. Springer—C. H. Simpson—
G. De B. Stoddard—E. S. Stanley—A. Sanderson—W. M. Stuart—W. Snow—W. Snow—
W. S. Sylva—J. M. Shanks—E. D. Southard—H. Sherman—
Job Shenton—J. W. Sawyer—F. A. Smith—H. A. Spencer—
D. Terry—2—J. H. Twombly—O. E. Thayer—C. Taber—
2—Z. Thurston—F. J. Trice—S. Thorne—J. T. Tilton—
H. Vinton—W. Virgin—2—D. De Webster—W. Willard—
J. T. Worth—W. H. Williams—A. Woodward—J. Willis—A. S. Wood—
G. Wingate—G. P. Wilson—W. H. Wright—A. Webster.

In New Bedford, Dec. 14, by Rev. D. P. Leavitt, Alonzo H. Perry, of Abington, to Miss Anne W. Lewis, of N. B. Dec. 26, William H. Blain to Mrs. Emily G. Blain.

of Bristol.

Church Register.

SPRINGFIELD AND SOUTH WORCESTER DISTRICT PREACHERS' MEETING will hold a session at

8. P. HEATH,
For the Association.

HEARTH AND HOME is a weekly Illustrated Agricultural and Fireside Journal of sixteen handsome pages, devoted to the interests of Farmers, Gardeners, Fruit Growers and Florists. Edited by MR. DONALD G. MITCHELL, assisted by a large corps of practical Agriculturalists. The *Fireside Department* is edited by HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, assisted by Mrs. Mary E. Dodge, with Grace Greenwood, Madame Le Vert, and other able contributors. TERMS FOR 1893: Single copies, \$4, invariably in advance; 3 copies, \$10; 5 copies, \$15. Any one sending us \$45 for a club of 15 copies (all at one time), will receive a copy free. Address FETTINGILL, BATES & Co., Publishers, 57 Park Row, New York.

Jan. 14.	4t.	4t.
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THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND. — Doctor's bills are too long for a poor man's pocket, but many of them may be avoided by keeping GRACE'S SALVE in the cupboard. It is the "precious pot of ointment," curing burns, cuts, scalds, sprains, wounds, chilblains, chapped hands, &c. Prudent housewives will save their husbands' hard-earned money by purchasing a box of this Salve.

* Jan. 14.	1s.	36
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BARGAINS, BARGAINS.—Gents, Ladies', Boys', Misses', and Children's Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, and Slippers selling at very low prices at Newcomb's, 106 Hanover St., Boston. 4t. Dec. 24.

APPLETON'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC.—The Appletons are now prepared to deliver their new Almanac in any quantities. The experiment is successful beyond the publishers' most sanguine expectations. As many as 5,000 copies have been taken in single orders. Its illustrations and literary contents, as well as its astronomical calculations, are adapted to the tastes and requirements of the whole American people—not to those of a particular latitude or section of the country.

Nov. 26, 1874, 224

CARPETS.—Just received from the Forced Sale, 100

pieces English Tapestries for \$1.50 per yard.
100 pieces Cottage Carpet for 50 cents per yard.
120 pieces of Ingrain Carpets for 75 cents per yard.
50 pieces of Superfine Carpet for \$1.25 per yard.
50 pieces Imperial Ingrain for 62 to 85 cents per yard.
An invoice of Linen and Towels, 3 ply very cheap.
400 rolls Oil Cloth, 50 to 75 cents per yard.
Also an invoice of Stair Carpeting for about half value.
NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO.
11. Dec. 31. 4t. 16. 75 Hanover Street.

USE HULL'S BAY RUM SOAP, and none other. For sale by the principal Druggists. ly. May 1.

ROSEUM gives instant relief and certain cure (without sneezing) for CATARRH, Headache, Fainting, or Cold in the Head and Throat. It makes the breath sweet and fragrant. No person should be without it. Price 50 cts. Sold by all Druggists or mailed free. Address Dr. SAM'L YOUNG, Lowell, Mass.

Dec. 31. _____ 41. _____

COLGATE & CO.'S. Aromatic Vegetable Soap, combined with Glycerine, is recommended for Ladies and Infants.

MONDAY, Jan. 11.

MONEY.—The *Boston Daily Advertiser* says:—"There is still an active, although not pressing demand for money but the symptoms of returning ease are daily becoming stronger. The market is still well supplied with mercantile paper, but a disposition on the part of negotiators to seek for better terms than have prevailed for the last few

weeks, is beginning to be manifest, and many of the banks are buying quite freely at 8 to 9 per cent., when those rates are offered on satisfactory paper, under the impression that such opportunities will not long be offered. The demand for money on call is less active, and many borrowers have paid up such loans. There is, however, con-

considerable money still out at 6 and 7 per cent. Rates to-day show little change. Bank depositors are generally charged 7 per cent, with occasional transactions at a shade above and below that figure. In outside paper there is quite a good demand for such paper as pays 8 to 9 per cent. in interest, but the choicest notes are now held for lower rates.

New York funds are in active request and rather scarce. For Government bonds the market was quite firm. The following were the latest quotations:—

0°	5-20°					10-10°	
'81.	'62.	'64.	'65.	'66 new	'67.	'68	5a.
111½	112	108½	100½	106½	107½	108½	108

GENERAL BUSINESS. — Dullness is the characteristic feature of the market in all branches. Anthracite coal is still kept up to \$11. Cotton is firm, and prices have ad-

vanced 1½ @ 2c per lb., with active demand. Fish has exhibited no change. Flour has ruled quiet, and prices are in favor of the purchaser. Corn dull. For shorts

there has been a limited demand. Hay steady. Molasses dull. Lard has advanced, and the Provision market has been a little more active. Sugar is tending upward. For

Butter there has been a better feeling among holders the past week, and with more inquiry from buyers the market closes firmer. Cheese continues firm. Eggs dull. The

is no change to note in Fresh Beef. For Pea and medium Beans, there is considerable inquiry. Eastern Apples are well sustained. The stock of Potatoes is large with:

improvement in prices.

HOLIDAY BULLETIN
OF
NEW BOOKS,
Issued by
LEE & SHEPARD,
BOSTON.

NEW JUVENILE BOOKS.

Oliver Optic's New Story,
(READY DEC. 19th).
Palace and Cottage;
Or, Young America in France and Switzerland. 16mo.
Illustrated. \$1.50. Being volume 5 of
Young America Abroad.
A Library of Travel and Adventure in Foreign Lands.
16mo. Illustrated by Nast, Stevens, Perkins, and
others. Per vol. \$1.50.
Outward Bound, Dikes and Ditches,
Shamrock and Thistle, Palace and Cottage.
Red Cross.

Complete in Book Form.
The Starry Flag Series.
By Oliver Optic. Six Volumes. Illustrated. Per vol.
\$1.25.
The Starry Flag, Freak of Fortune,
Breaking Away, Make or Break,
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Our Standard Bearer,
Or the Life of General Ulysses S. Grant: His Youth,
his Manhood, his Campaigns, and his Eminent Ser-
vices in the Reconstruction of the Nation. His Story
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Nast. 16mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

Rev. Elijah Kellogg's Books.
Lion Ben of Elm Island. Charlie Bell; The Wolf of
Elm Island.
Being vols. 1 and 2 of
Elm Island Stories.

By Rev. ELIJAH KELLOGG, Author of "Good Old
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Per vol. \$1.25.

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Little Anna Stories.
Six volumes. Illustrated. Per vol., 60 cents.
1 Little Anna, 5 Estelle's Stories about
2 The Little Helper, 6 Dogs,
3 Alice Learmont, 6 The Cheerful Hearers,
4 A Thousand a Year.

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1 Birds of a Feather, 3 Handsome is that Hand-
2 Fine Feathers do not make Fine Birds, some does.

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Little Prudy Stories.
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somer illustrated, in a neat box. Per vol., 75 cents.
1 Little Prudy, 4 Little Prudy's Cousins
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"For Children of all Ages."
Doty Dimple Stories.
By SOPHIE MAY. Author of "Little Prudy." To be
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75 cents.
1 Doty Dimple at her 3 Doty Dimple out West,
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125 Dec 24 '94

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SIXTEEN handsome folio pages, printed from new type,
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PLANTER,
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ORNAMENTAL GARDENING,
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noted for their attractiveness, will be illustrated from time
to time; as also Cemeteries, Parks, and Village Greens.

MARKETS.
A careful Report of the Markets in New York, Boston,
Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, and New Orleans, will be
furnished from week to week, giving the Farmer informa-
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SELL.

TO THE FAMILY CIRCLE
It will bring all that can interest the household; plain
rules for healthy living and domestic management, from
the folding of a napkin and the cooking of a good dinner,
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MRS. STOWE,
GRACE GREENWOOD,
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will contribute to each number.

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BY
MR. J. T. TROWBRIDGE,

ENTITLED
"IN THE ICE,"

written expressly for the HEARTH AND HOME, com-
mences in first (December 25th) number.

THE BOYS AND GIRLS
will find their own page always lighted with such fun in
pictures, and fun in stories, as shall make them look
sharply every week for the coming of HEARTH AND
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Single copies \$4, invariably in advance; 3 copies \$10;
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TUBES, for Steam, Water, and Gas, Cooking and
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Salesroom 96 & 98 North Street, Boston.
MANUFACTORY AT NORTH DIGHTON
Oct 21

Willcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine Office,
323 WASHINGTON STREET,
Corner of West Street.

A FEW important questions to those about
purchasing Sewing-Machines, which should be
answered satisfactorily before a purchase is made:

Why can this Machine be used successfully by every-
body?
Why is its stitch the most serviceable?
Why has it the most desirable attachments?
Why is it the most rapid Machine?
Why can it do the largest range of work?
Why is it so strong?
Why are its Hemmers and Feller the best in use?
Why cannot its needle be set wrong?
Why cannot it run backwards?
Why is its seam less liable to rip, in use or wear, than
the "Lock-stitch," while it can be more easily taken out
if desired?

Why has it obtained in the highest Sewing-Machine
Contest yet held, the "Grand Trial" at Island Park, a
certificate of honor, ranking it *seventeen times* as valu-
able as the competing "double thread" one?
Why has there been made and sold FIFTY PER CENT.
more of the Willcox & Gibbs Machines than any of the
double-thread Machines in the same number of its earlier
years?

If such results are had with little advertising, is it
not because the Machine has more merit than any other?

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35 Dec 24 '94

Gilman's Pulmonary Troches,
ESPECIALLY recommended for clearing
the throat and relieving hoarseness. Much val-
ued by Singers and Speakers. At once the best and
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cents per box. May be had in any quantity of

GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston.
12 Dec 24 '94

Don't Read This.
Do you want to clear \$1000 this winter
without any risk? You can do it selling Brown's
Patent Double Cone Ventilating Damper. Address O.
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York, or 125 Clark St., Chicago.
6 Dec 24 '94

WANTED.—AGENTS.—Ladies or Gentle-

men, everywhere, to sell our popular allegori-
cal engraving "From Shore to Shore," and our splen-
did Christmas picture "The Babe of Bethlehem," both
perfect gems. E. B. RUSSELL, Publisher, Boston,
Mass.
10 Dec 31 '94

CONNECTICUT MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF
HARTFORD, CONN.

Assets, \$22,000,000.
Am't in'd fiscal year, 1897, \$5,647,101.00.
Income received, 7,530,556.19.

Policies in force, 55,000.
All profits divided among the members. Each policy
holder is a member. THERE ARE NO STOCKHOLD-
ERS.

Average annual dividends over 50 per cent.
Annual Income from Interest on Investments more
than sufficient to pay its losses!
For every \$100 of its Liabilities it has
\$154 of Assets.

Average rates of expenses to Income lower through
its entire history than that of any other Life Insurance
Co.

EDWIN RAY, General Agent,
84 Washington Street, Boston.
CHAS. LOWELL THAYER, Local Director,
Aug 15

MATHUSHEK, of New York, by simply
changing the diaphragm, can Treble Strings of
the Piano Forte has obtained about

ONE-THIRD MORE POWER,
with a remarkable purity and sweetness of tone! This
improvement is patented, and the Piano is now offered
for sale for the first time in Boston, at

MASON & HAMLIN'S BUILDING,
154 Tremont Street. For circulars, terms to Agents,
&c., address "Agency Mathushek Pianos." For pho-
tographs of the four styles enclose twenty cents.
10 Dec 17 '94

Carpets—Save Your Money—Carpets.
THE BOSTON & MAINE CARPET CO.,
Office 136 Hanover St., Boston, Mass., will on re-
ceipt of \$8, send 20 yards Scotch Carpet, and make it
without extra charge, when size of room is sent; or in-
stead of making, will send two handsomely painted
Cloth Window Shades valued at \$2. For \$10 will send 20
yards heavy Cottage Carpet, make as above, or send 2
splendid Gilt Hand Shades, valued at \$4; instead of
Window Shades, when desired, samples of Carpets will
be sent, valued from 50 cts. to \$5 per yard, from which
a carpet suitable for any room can be selected, saving
expense of visiting the city. Extra yards of carpet at
same rates. 14 Dec 24 '94

TEAS! TEAS!
From 25 to 50 Cents per lb.
SAVED!

WE have just received a large invoice of
CHOICE JAPAN TEA, which we are selling
at \$1.00 and \$1.10 per lb. Warranted equal if not su-
perior to any Tea sold in Boston at \$1.25 per lb.
And all other Teas and Coffees 25 per cent. less than
any other House.

OLD JAVA COFFEE roasted and ground, perfectly
pure, at 40 cts. per lb., at
C. D. COBB & BROS.,
Sept 17 550 and 552 Washington St.

A SURE CURE FOR
CATARH.
DEMERITT'S
NORTH AMERICAN CATARRH REMEDY.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, Mass., June 26, 1897.
D. J. DEMERITT, Dear Sir:—This is to certify that
I have been afflicted with that loathsome disease, Cat-
arrh, in its worst forms, for nine years. I used many
kinds of remedies, but did not receive any lasting bene-
fit until I tried your North American Catarrh Remedy.
I can truly say that I received more relief by one ap-
plication than all others that I have ever used. Less
than one package has entirely cured me. I heartily
recommend it to all who may be afflicted with Cat-
arrh.

DANIEL STONE, Proprietor Union House,
BOSTON, June 19, 1898.
D. J. DEMERITT & Co., Gentl:—For the last fifteen
years I was afflicted with Chronic Catarrh. I have used
many remedies but obtained no help until I tried your
North American Catarrh Remedy. When I commenced
using it I had nearly lost my voice; less than two
packages completely restored it to me again.

N. S. LILLIE,
Employed for 16 years by Am. Ex. Co.
These testimonials are a sample of what we are daily
receiving. We warrant it to give immediate and per-
manent relief, as can be attested by thousands who
have used it.

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D. J. DEMERITT & Co., Proprietors.
Fostered free at their office, 117 Hanover St., Boston.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

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C. Goodwin & Co. 121 Oct 29

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FIRST PREMIUM PIANOS.
WITH Iron Frame, Overstrung Bass and
Agraffe Bridge.

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The best Manufactured; Warranted for Six Years.

100 Pianos, MELODEONS and ORGANS of six first-
class makers, at low prices for Cash, or one-quarter
cash and (b) balance in Monthly or Quarterly Instal-
ments. Second-hand instruments at great bargains.
Illustrated Catalogues mailed. (Mr. Waters is the
Author of Six Sunday School Music Books; "Heavenly
Echoes," and "New Sunday School Bell," just issued.)
Warehouses, 481 Broadway, New York.

HORACE WATERS & CO.
April 9 1y

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PARLOR SUITS, NEW AND ELEGANT
DESIGNS, covered in English Hair Cloth Plush,
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Sofas, Tete a tete, Lounges, Easy, Parlor, and Book-
ing Chairs, of our own manufacture.
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JANUARY is the undersigned. I will begin the pub-
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March 5

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CABINET ORGANS.

(PATENTED 1868.)
THE

Mason & Hamlin Improved Vox Humana

Is a new invention, now ready in several styles of the
MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS, to which the manufac-
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prove the MOST POPULAR IMPROVE-
MENT EVER MADE in instruments of this
class.

It is now several years since the invention and appli-
cation to such instruments as the VOX HUMANA,
which was first applied by its inventor to the organs of
Mason & Hamlin, who were urged to introduce it to
the public. In its then imperfect state, and especially
considering its liability to get out of order, they were
unwilling to adopt it. From that time continuous ex-
periments for its improvement have been made in the
factory of the Mason & Hamlin Organ Company and
elsewhere, which have at last been eminently success-
ful, the result being THE MASON & HAMLIN IMPROVED
VOX HUMANA, combining several patents.

In combination with the AUTOMATIC BELLOWS
SWELL, used only in these Organs, it wonderfully in-
creases the capacity and beauty of the instrument,
imparting delicious qualities of tone, and producing
novel and exquisite effects; especially adding to its
variety and delicacy of expression, and increasing
somewhat its power. The peculiar excellences of several
Orchestral Instruments are successfully imitated;
and altogether, as frequently characterized by organ-
ists, "the effect is fascinating." It is simple in con-
struction, free from liability to get out of order, and
requires no additional skill for its use, being operated
by the ordinary action of the bellows, requiring no
separate pedal.

Attention is invited to the new styles of organs and
new scale of prices announced this month:

NEW STYLE, No. 21.—FIVE-STOP DOUBLE REED
CABINET ORGAN, with Vox Humana. Case of
solid Black Walnut, carved and paneled, new design.
Stops Diapason, Viola, Melodia, Flute, Vox
Humana. The best organ of its size that can be
made. Price \$170.

NEW STYLE, No. 22.—The same organ in Rosewood
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of case, carved and paneled, Walnut, with richly
gilt pipes. Price \$300.

NEW STYLE, No. 27.—SUB-BASS AND OCTAVE
COUPLER CABINET ORGAN, FIVE STOPS.
Diapason, Principal, Octave Coupler, Sub-Bass,
Vox Humana. Solid Walnut case. Each key com-
mands four separate reeds or vibrators. An organ
of surprising power and brilliancy, and great vari-
ety. Price \$250.

STYLE No. 1.—FOUR OCTAVE ORGAN. Solid Wal-
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GAN.** Solid Walnut case, plain. Price reduced to
\$75.

**STYLE A—FIVE OCTAVES, ONE STOP.—TREMU-
LANT**, with one set of Vibrators throughout, and
Knee Swell. Carved and paneled Walnut case. Price
\$100.

**STYLE C—FIVE OCTAVES, FIVE STOPS.—VIO-
LA, DIAPASON, MELODIA, FLUTE, TREMULANT**,
with two sets of Vibrators throughout, and Knee
Swell. Carved and paneled Walnut case. Price
\$125.

MANY OTHER STYLES AT PROPORTIONATE
RATES.

The superiority of the MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS
is well established. They are the ACKNOWLEDGED
STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE among instruments of the
class; were awarded the PARIS EXPOSITION MEDAL,
and have been honored with an amount and degree of
commendation from the musical profession of this
and other countries never given to any other instru-
ments.

A new descriptive and illustrative catalogue, just
issued, will be sent free to every applicant.

THE MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN COMPANY.
Warehouses, No. 596 Broadway, New York,
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EXCLUSIVE Agents in New England for
"Yeager's Sup-Plative," St. Louis Flour.

This excellent brand is milled with great care from
choice Winter Wheat, and no expense spared to have
it take the lead among the best St. Louis flours in our
market.

Country Jobbers who want to keep a brand of "best
flour," are urged to give this a trial.

Cash Advances made on Shipment of Flour, Fish,
Grain and Cotton.
Nov 19 1y 385

PIANO FORTES.
THE WOODWARD & BROWN Pianos are
justly regarded as possessing all the best quali-
ties of any instrument in the market. Warehouses
387 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.
Oct 29 1y

COLTON'S SELECT FLAVORS
OF THE CHOICE FRUITS AND SPICES
are attracting a trade from Lovers of Choice
Flavors everywhere, for their *Delicious Flavor*,
strict Purity, and Unrivalled Strength. Those who
wish the best, and those who wish to econom-
ize, seek them. COLTON'S PURE VANILLA
FLAVOR is sought by many who appreciate that Rich
Flavor in its Purity (very unlike the many Vanilla Ex-
tracts in market).

Country Jobbers who want to keep a brand of "best
flour," are urged to give this a trial.

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Nov 19 1y 385

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